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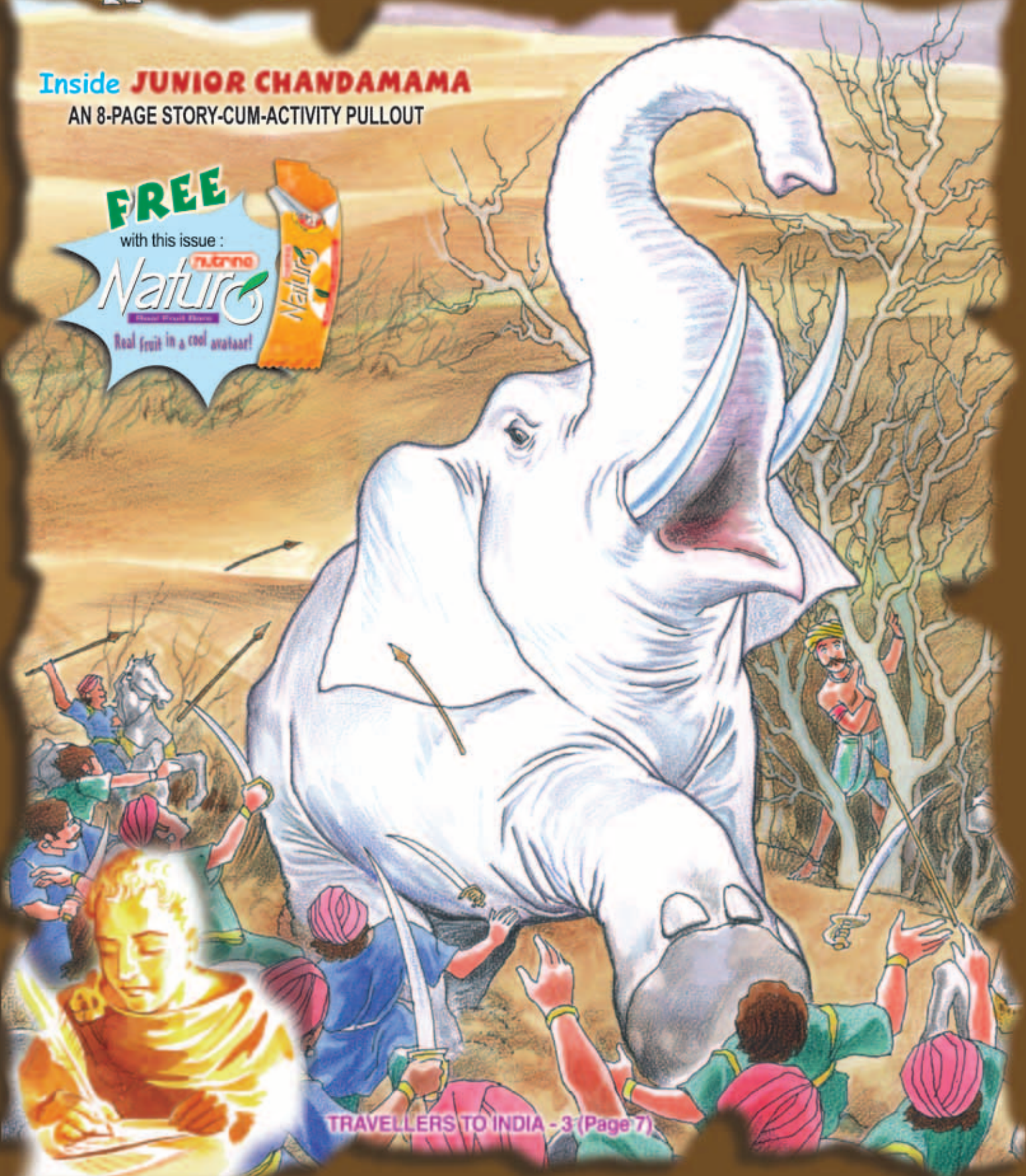
# CHANDAMAMA

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TRAVELLERS TO INDIA - 3 (Page 7)



# ON THE SCENTED TRAIL

Chandana looked at the old sandalwood tree with fascination. How old it was! How dignified! And what fragrance it gave!

What's this? You don't use sandalwood soap, powder or paste? Two thousand years ago, Ayurveda had recognised the usefulness of sandalwood in treating prickly heat. In his *Ritusamhara*, Kalidasa has described how young maidens would apply sandalwood paste all over the body to keep cool and prevent skin eruptions.

*The tree suddenly noticed the prickly heat on Chandana's face.*



The sandalwood has been mentioned in the *Nirukta*, a Vedic commentary of the 5<sup>th</sup> century BC, in Patanjali's *Mahabhashya* (100 BC), in Kautilya's *Arthashastra* (200 BC) and in the *Ramayana* and *Mahabharatha* among other ancient Indian scriptures.



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How well do you know your sandalwood? Answer these questions to find out!

1. The sandalwood is a conifer / evergreen / deciduous tree.
2. Sandalwood trees are harvested by being felled / uprooted.
3. Sandalwood oil is found in the bark / inner heartwood / leaves of the tree.
4. The tree takes 10-20 / 60-70 / 100-120 years to reach full maturity.

1. evergreen, 2. uprooted, 3. inner heartwood, 4. 60-70

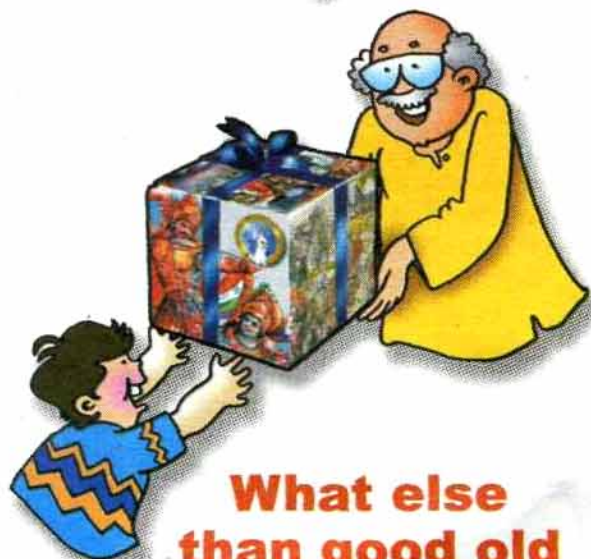
**Answers :**







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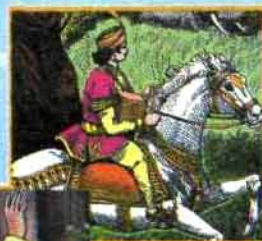
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July 2002

No.7

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*Enter the Heroes of India Quiz and win fabulous prizes*

# Heroes of India - 10

The two Indian epics - Ramayana and Mahabharata - are full of heroes. Some of them are given here. How may do you know?

**Three**

***all correct entries will receive bicycles as awards.\****



**1** I've never left my brother's side right from my birth. I'm one of the sons of Dasaratha, the king of Ayodhya. That's a give away, isn't it? Name me!

**2** I once saved the lives of my nephews through my wise guidance. I'm also the brother of Dhritarashtra. Who am I?

**3** My brother abducted Sita and fought Rama. But I joined Rama's camp and helped him win the war. Don't you know me?

**4** I'm the son of Vayu, the Wind God, and one of the Pandavas. What is my name?

**5** I'm an eagle. I saw Ravana carry Sita away and informed Rama when he came in search of her. Do you know my name?

Fill in the blanks next to each question legibly. Which of these five is your favourite hero and why? Write 10 words on

**My favourite epic hero is**

Name of participant:.....

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Signature of participant:.....

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**Heroes of India Quiz-10**

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On/before **August 5, 2002**

## Instructions

1. The contest is open to children in the age group 8-14 years.
2. \*Three winners will be selected for this contest from entries in all the language editions. **Winners will receive bicycles of appropriate size.** If there are more than one all correct entries, winners will be selected on the basis of the best description of **My favourite hero.**
3. The judges' decision will be final.
4. No correspondence will be entertained in this regard.
5. The winners will be intimated by post.

***Prizes brought to you by***





# We want peace, not war

We are passing through difficult times. Every day the newspapers carry reports of firing on our borders. Leaders of India and Pakistan have been issuing statements accusing each other of war-mongering and terrorism. Tension is running high.

We must remember that war brings destruction and misery. Already there are reports of entire villages in Kashmir being deserted by terrified villagers. Imagine their plight. To leave behind homes and properties that they might have spent a lifetime to build. To leave behind fields full of ripe paddy, and who knows what other crops - crops that could have fed thousands of families and provided livelihood to farmers, distributors, transporters, retailers, and so many others.

War means death - of soldiers, also of innocent people caught in the crossfire. It means rising prices, scarcity of commodities... in one word— struggle.

What we need today is peace, not war. "Peace cannot suddenly descend from the heavens. It can only come when the root causes of trouble are removed," said Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru on one occasion.

To remove the root cause of the endless troubles between the two nations, both would have to work hard to remove the fifty-year old seeds of suspicion and hatred that now exist. Chandamama, which celebrates its anniversary this month, joins every right minded individual in both these countries to send out an appeal for peace - for the sake of the future generations.

Founded by

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and  
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## Travellers to India-3

Megasthenes came to India in 302 B.C. as an ambassador of Seleucos Nikator, the representative in

India of the Greek Prince Alexander. He took up office in the court of King Chandragupta Maurya, at the capital Pataliputra that he called Palibothra. His work *Indica* is recognised as the first dated account of the era.

He has described in great detail the land, the people, their nature and lifestyle, the weather, the monsoon, and the fertility of the soil. He praises the honesty and simplicity of Indians, their eye for beauty and respect for wisdom.

But some of the stories and descriptions in *Indica* are fantastic; others downright unbelievable. He writes of ants the size of foxes that dig out gold, of tigers twice the size of lions, of white monkeys with black faces, larger

## Megasthenes

than the largest dogs, and of snakes with membranous wings that fly at night. He describes a river that he calls Sillas, which flows from a fountain and on whose waters, nothing will float.

On this month's cover is illustrated yet another of his fantastic stories! Megasthenes narrates the story of a mahout who came across a white elephant calf. He took it home and brought it up. Soon, both the elephant and the mahout became very attached to each other. When the king of the land came to hear of the white elephant, he wanted to possess it. But the mahout would not part with it. Instead, he escaped to a desert along with the animal. The angry king then sent his soldiers after the fugitives. The soldiers overtook them. In the fight that followed, the mahout was injured. The elephant then shielded his master and in a rage chased his assailants away! The animal gently carried his master to safety.





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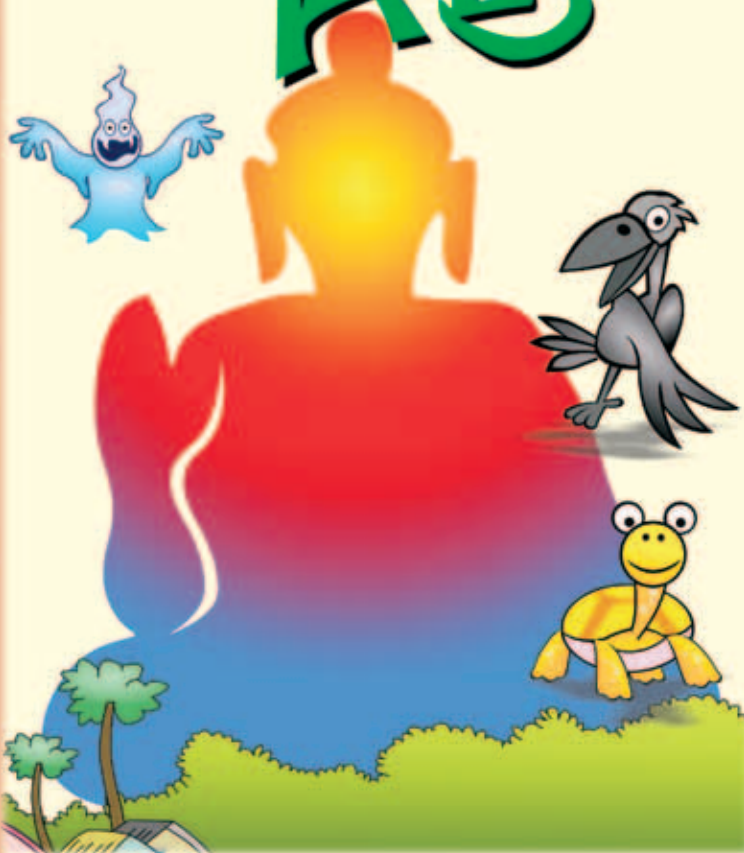
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# A CHANGE OF HEART

**T**he night was dark and damp as King Vikram walked into the cremation ground and picked up the corpse that the mendicant had asked for. He silently walked back. If he uttered a single word, the Vetala would escape. Vikram walked towards the gates of the cremation ground, when the Vetala that possessed the corpse spoke to him: "O King! Why do you want to take so much pains for somebody else's sake? So many men don't realise their duties and responsibilities, until someone reminds them. Listen to this story of Prince Mrityunjay."

Mrityunjay was the son of King Jayadeva who ruled Jayapuri. Jayadeva was a brave, noble, and able ruler. Blessed by God and nature, the kingdom enjoyed prosperity. But Jayadeva was worried about his son. As he was their only child, the king and his queen doted on him. Mrityunjay was an intelligent and brave boy. However, pampering by his parents had spoilt him.

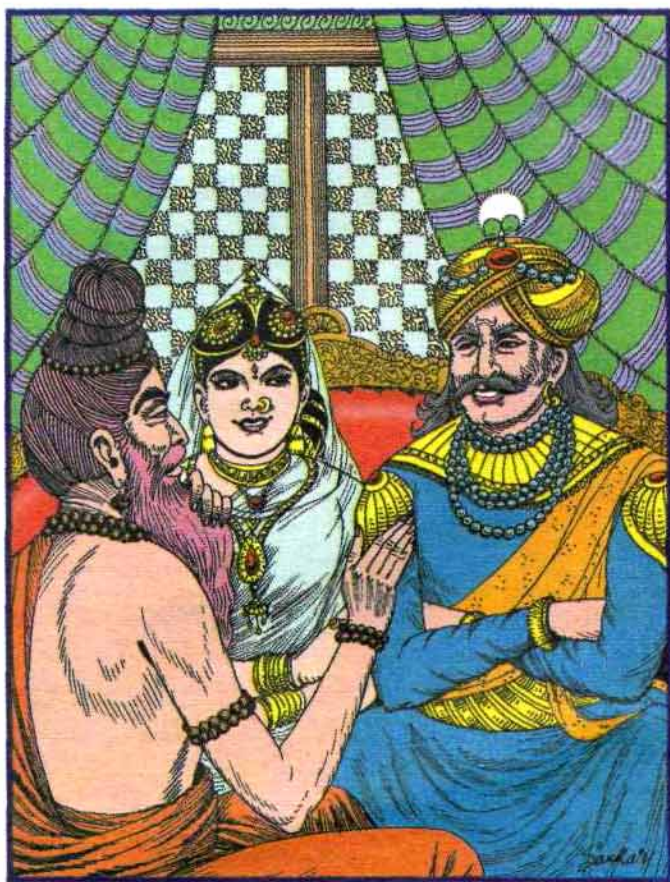
As he grew up, the king noticed that his son had not inherited any of the qualities essential for a king. He whiled away his time in hunting and having a jolly good time with his friends.

The king was growing old, and it would soon be time to crown Mrityunjay as the king of Jayapuri. He knew the prince was not equipped to rule the kingdom. 'What would become of the kingdom then?' worried Jayadeva. He began to waste away and soon became a mere shadow of his former self.

Around this time, a sage called Jitendriya visited the







kingdom. The king welcomed the sage cordially and made him comfortable. Soon, the sage noticed that the king was deeply disturbed by something.

“Jayadeva, what’s the cause of your unhappiness?” he asked the king.

The king had been waiting for an opportunity to unburden himself of his worries. He poured out his grievances about his wayward son. “Please help me. I’m worried about the welfare of my kingdom and subjects after my time,” he entreated the sage.

The sage listened intently. When the king had finished, he stroked his beard, smiled, and said, “Don’t worry, leave the problem to me. I shall solve it.” The king and queen smiled with great relief after many years.

A few days later, the sage summoned the prince to his apartments. The prince was eager to meet the sage who, he knew, was a man of great yogic powers and wisdom. The sage blessed him and said, “Prince, I’ve a favour to ask of you.”

‘A great sage seeking a favour from *me*?’ the prince was astonished. “Your wish is my command, sir. It’s

my privilege to serve you. Pray, tell me, what can I do for you?” he asked.

“O Prince, as you know, I’m performing certain yogic rites for the benefit of humanity. I’ve been journeying all over the country to gather the herbs necessary to brew a potion for a rite that my disciples are performing in my ashram right now. I’ve brewed the potion. This pot here contains that brew.”

The sage brought out an earthen vessel whose mouth had been sealed. “I cannot return to the ashram immediately as I have some work to complete. But this vessel must reach my ashram, as its contents are essential for the successful completion of the rite. However, I’m afraid to entrust it with anybody, as the task has to be done with the utmost care. Even if one drop of the brew is spilt, not only will the rite fail but my life as well as the lives of my disciples will be in jeopardy.

“I know you’re very brave, and an expert horseman. So, I’ve decided to entrust you with the responsibility of delivering this pot to my ashram. You alone can understand the magnitude of this responsibility and carry it out with the utmost care. Will you do this for me?”

Mrityunjay agreed. He took the pot with great care, placed it inside a box that he slung from his neck for safety, and set off on horseback. It was a daylong ride from the palace to the ashram. He had to cross a dense jungle and a river on the way.

As he was galloping through the forest, a wild elephant suddenly emerged from the thick foliage, and confronted him. Mrityunjay impulsively drew out his sword to attack the elephant when he suddenly remembered the pot. Any violent movement might cause it to break and spill the brew. He swerved from the animal’s path and urged his horse to speed up. Soon he had left the elephant far behind. Mrityunjay was relieved.

It was noon when he reached the river. He was tired, thirsty, and hungry. The cool waters of the river looked inviting. He was tempted to take a dip and relax under the trees on its bank. But he stopped suddenly. ‘I must put this pot aside if I have to take a bath in the river. What if some animal or even a strong breeze knocked it off! I’d rather restrain myself till I deliver this pot at the ashram. Perhaps I can relax on my journey back



home,' he thought. He directed his horse into the river, not even stopping to eat the food that had been packed for him.

While climbing out of the river, a handsome fawn darted before him. A master marksman that he was, he longed to take a shot at it. But he chose to let it go, though not without a tinge of regret.

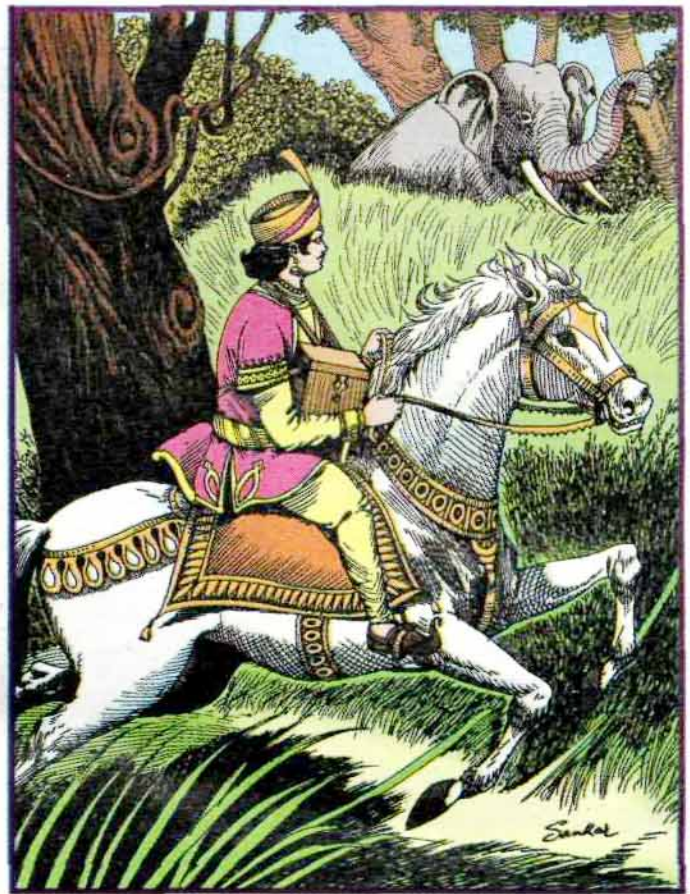
It was late in the evening when he reached the ashram and handed the pot to the sage's disciples, with a big sigh of relief. Declining their invitation to spend the night in the ashram, he rode through the forest in the dark and reached the palace in the morning. He went straight to the sage and informed him about the success of his mission.

"Thank you, son. I knew I could rely on you," the sage praised the prince.

"O holy one, it is I who should thank you. You've opened my eyes. From today onwards, I'll learn all that a king has to know and prove a worthy successor to my father," replied Mrityunjay.

The Vetala laughed eerily and asked King Vikram, "O King, what do you think is the reason for the sudden change in the prince? Your head will blast into a thousand pieces if you keep quiet in spite of knowing the answer."

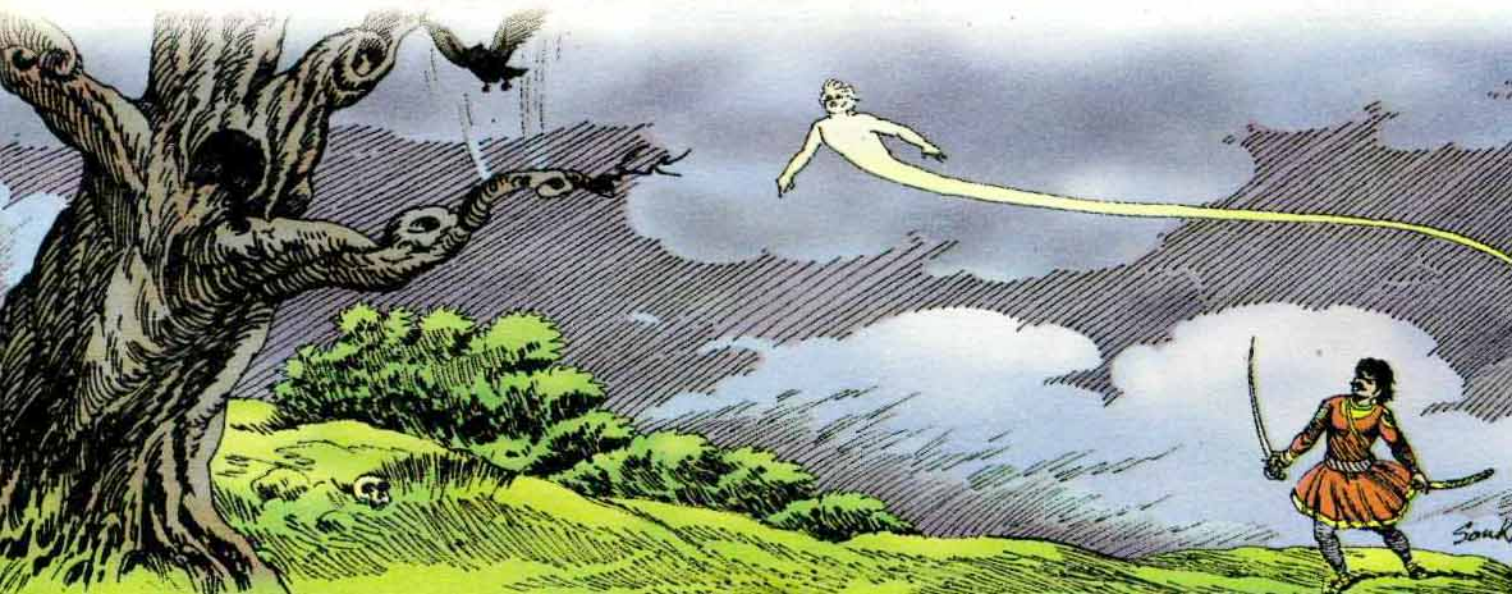
King Vikram was smart and he had the answer even before the Vetala had finished posing the question. He replied: "The journey through the jungle and across the river with a fragile pot that contained the precious brew had a strong effect on Mrityunjay's attitude. It required so much care and caution to transport just a pot. For the first time in his life, he had felt a need to keep his



desires under leash. Governing a kingdom was a still more difficult job; he would be responsible for the life of so many thousands of people. He had realised this by the end of the trip. That led to the sudden change of heart in him."

Vetala jumped for joy, when King Vikram broke his silence, and he flew back to the tree, along with the corpse.

*(Based on a story by Rajee Raman)*





# When the Trees Walked

One morning, while I was sitting beside Grandfather on the verandah steps, I noticed the tendril of a creeping vine trailing nearby. As we sat there in the soft sunshine of a north Indian winter, I saw the tendril moving slowly towards Grandfather. Twenty minutes later it had crossed the step and was touching his feet.

There is probably a scientific explanation for the plant's behaviour—something to do with light and warmth perhaps—but I liked to think it moved across the steps simply because it wanted to be near Grandfather. One always felt like drawing close to him. Sometimes, when I sat by myself beneath a tree, I would feel rather lonely, but as soon as Grandfather joined me, the garden became a happy place. Grandfather had served many years in the Indian Forest Service and it was natural that he should know trees and like them. On his retirement, he built a bungalow on the outskirts of the town of Dehra Dun, planting trees all around. Lime, mango, orange, and guava, also eucalyptus, jacaranda, and Persian Lilacs. In the

fertile Doon Valley, plants and trees grow tall and strong.

There were other trees in the compound before the house was built, including an old peepul that had forced its way through the walls of an abandoned outhouse, knocking the bricks down with its vigorous growth. Peepul trees are great show offs. Even when there is no breeze, their broad-chested, slim-waisted leaves will spin like tops determined to attract your attention and invite you into the shade. Grandmother had wanted the peepul tree cut down, but Grandfather had said, "Let it be, we can always build another outhouse."

Grandmother didn't mind trees, but she preferred growing flowers and was constantly ordering seeds and catalogues. Grandfather helped her out with the gardening, not because he was crazy about flower gardens but he liked watching butterflies and "there's only one way to attract butterflies," he said, "and that's to grow flowers for them."

Grandfather was not content with growing trees in





our compound. During the monsoon, he would walk into the jungle beyond the river-bed armed with cuttings and saplings which he would plant in the forest.

"But no one ever comes here!" I protested, the first time we did this. "Who's going to see them?"

"We're not planting them simply to improve the view," replied Grandfather. "We're planting them for the forest and for the birds and animals who live here and need more food and shelter."

"Of course, men need trees too," he added. "To keep the desert away, to attract rain, to prevent the banks of rivers from being washed away, for fruit and flowers, leaf and seed. Yes, for timber, too. But men are cutting down trees without replacing them, and if we don't plant a few ourselves, a time will come when the world will be one great desert."

The thought of a world without trees became a sort of nightmare to me, and I helped Grandfather in his tree-planting with greater enthusiasm. And while we went about our work, he taught me a poem by George Morris:

*Woodman, spare that tree!  
Touch not a single bough!  
In youth it sheltered me,  
And I'll protect it now.*

"One day the trees will move again," said Grandfather. "They've been standing for thousands of years but there was a time when they could walk about like people. Then came along an interfering busybody who cast a spell over them, rooting them to one place. But they're always trying to move. See how they reach out with their arms! And some of them, like the banyan tree with its travelling aerial roots, manage to get quite far."

We found a small rocky island in a dry river bed. It was one of those riverbeds so common in the foothills, which are completely dry in summer but flooded during the monsoon rains. A small mango plant was growing on the island. "If a small tree can grow here," said

Grandfather, "so can others." As soon as the rains set in and while the river could still be crossed, we set out with a number of tamarind, laburnum, and coral tree saplings and cuttings and spent the day planting them on the island.

The monsoon season was the time for rambling about. At every turn there was something new to see. Out of the earth and rock and leafless boughs, the magic touch of the rains had brought life and greenness. You could see the broad-leaved vines growing. Plants sprang up in the most unlikely of all places. A peepul would take root on the ceiling, a mango would sprout on the window sill. We did not like to remove them but they had to go if the house was to be kept from falling down.

"If you want to live in a tree, that's all right by me," said Grandmother crossly. "But I like having a roof over my head and I'm not going to have my roof brought down by the jungle."

Then the Second World War came and I was sent away to a boarding school and, during the holidays, I went to live with my father in Delhi. Meanwhile, my grandparents sold the house and went to England. Two or three years later, I too went to England and was away from India for several years.

Some years later, I visited Dehra Dun again. After first visiting the old house—it hadn't changed much—I walked out of town towards the river-bed. The island was a small green paradise. When I went up to the trees, I noticed that some squirrels were living in them and a koel, a crow pheasant, challenged me with a mellow 'who-are-you, who-are-you?'

But the trees seemed to know me; they whispered among themselves and beckoned me nearer. And looking around I noticed that other smaller trees, wild plants and grasses had sprung up under their protection. Yes, the trees we had planted long ago had multiplied. They were walking again. In one small corner of the world, Grandfather's dream had come true.







# The Queen's Judgement

**T**here have been many brave and wise queens in our country. Rani Talta Devi of the Panchala dynasty, who lived around the 5th century A.D., is especially remembered for her wisdom and presence of mind. She was not the reigning queen. It was her son, Chudani, who was ruling the land then. However, the people often turned to her for justice and requested her to decide disputes that baffled the king. He, too, had great faith in his mother's ability to solve disputes.

One morning, a poor citizen named Laxman came to the royal court seeking justice. King Chudani asked him what had gone wrong.

"Sire, I was passing by the river when I heard a man crying for help. He was in the middle of the turbulent river and appeared to be drowning. He was clutching at three bundles close to his chest. As he battled with the tide he kept shouting, 'Save me, and you'll get your reward! I shall give you the most valuable of these three bundles!'"

"Did you recognise the man?" asked the king.

"Oh, yes, sire. I did, when I heard his voice. He was Sahadeva, one of the well-to-do merchants of this place."

"All right. Tell us what happened next."

"He was shouting – 'Believe me! I shall give you the bundle I consider the most valuable.' And I believed him! I jumped in to save him."

"Did you do that merely for the sake of the reward?" asked the king looking at him keenly.

"No. I'd have done it in any case. But I'm a poor

man, badly in need of money. I thought the most valuable bundle might contain gold and silver coins. That was an added incentive. But what's important is that I had jumped in though I knew how strong the tide was and I was risking my own life while trying to save his."

A murmur was heard in the royal court. Everyone knew that the river was wild and turbulent in which many had lost their lives. They also knew Sahadeva's reputation of being shrewd and tight-fisted.

"Get on with your story," said the king. "Did you ask him what the bundles contained?"

"Yes, I did. He told me that one had rice, the other had vegetables, and the third had gold and silver coins. I looked at the third bundle since that was obviously the most valuable of the three. But Sahadeva handed me the bundle of rice and said, 'This is yours, just as I promised.' I was really angry and told him that it wasn't the most valuable bundle, and that he was cheating me because he had promised to give me the most valuable one. And I did save his life."

"And what did he say to that?" asked the king curiously.

"He told me he had promised to give the bundle which he considered most valuable and, in his opinion, nothing was more valuable than rice. So, I should accept that and be happy."

"What did you do after that?" asked the king again.

"I took the matter to the panchayat. But they upheld Sahadeva's argument and said he hadn't broken any promise. He hadn't actually said he would give the bundle of coins and if he considered the bundle of rice was more



priceless than money, then I should simply abide by his choice and accept whatever he was giving me. But I feel it's unfair. That's why I've come to you. I know you'll see that I'm not treated unjustly."

The king looked thoughtful.

Finally he said, "See, Laxman, I'm really sorry for you. But frankly speaking, I don't see how I can compel Sahadeva to acknowledge that gold and silver are more valuable than rice, if he really feels differently. He isn't responsible for what others think. If he feels that the bundle of rice is his most precious possession, then you simply have to accept it. I don't see any way out."

Laxman broke into tears. "Sire, I'm a poor man and I cannot argue like a scholar, so I don't know how to convince you. I know I've been cheated, and I'm sure you must know it, too."

"Of course, I do, but I don't know how to prove it," confessed the king.

"Then, would you mind requesting Rani Talta Devi to express her opinion? I promise to abide by whatever *she* says."

"I don't mind asking her, but I must send for Sahadeva and ask him whether he would agree to our consulting my mother."

Sahadeva was sent for.

"Well, Sahadeva, what do you say?" asked the king. "Should I ask my mother to come here and solve this problem? Are you also willing to accept her decision?"

"Oh, yes, your majesty," said Sahadeva with a broad smile. He was totally confident that she too would react like everyone else, and decide in his favour.

The Rani came in and heard the whole story.

"Where are your bundles, son?" she asked, smiling at Sahadeva.

"Here they are," said Sahadeva.

"Put them down at my feet."

Sahadeva obeyed her and laid the three bundles down.

"It's perfectly simple and I don't need you here at all. Pick up the bundle of your choice and leave the place immediately. Laxman can have the other two."

Chandamama

Sahadeva smiled, picked up the bundle of coins and made for the door. Laxman wiped his eyes silently. So, the whole world was against him and there was no justice anywhere. Not even from the queen mother whom everyone called the wisest woman in Panchala.

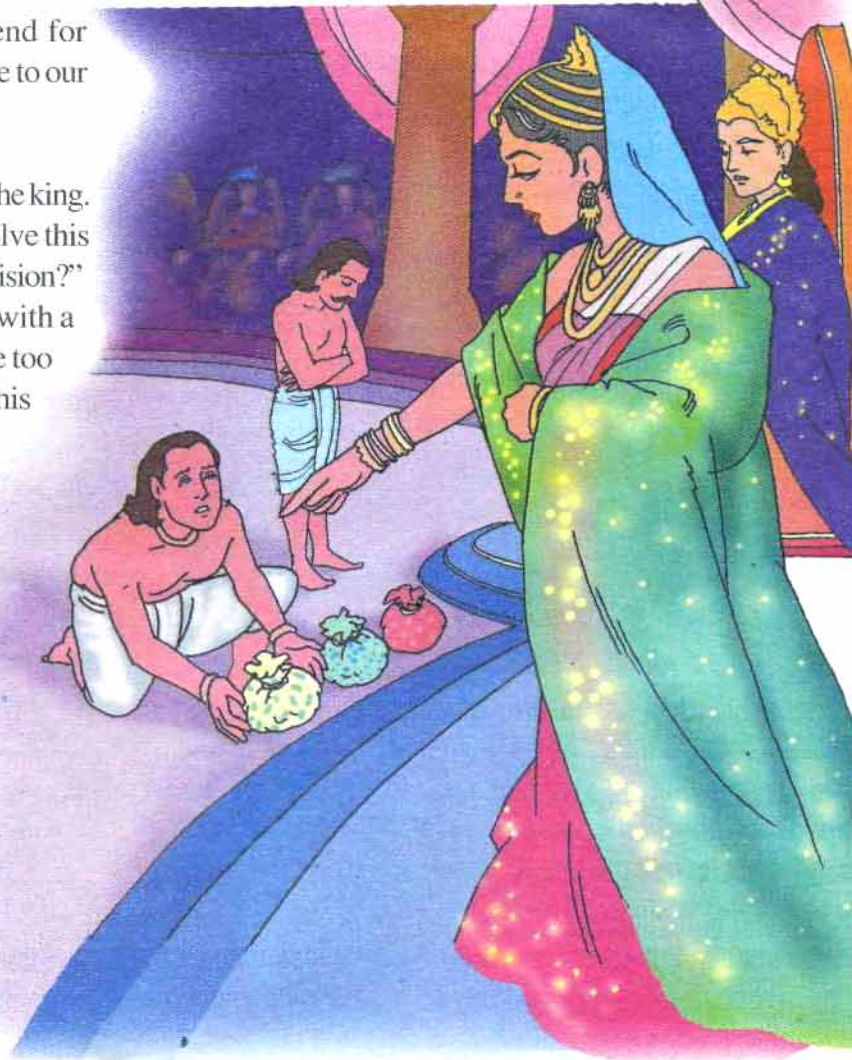
Sahadeva had almost reached the door when the queen called out: "Stop! Hadn't you promised to give Laxman the most valuable bundle, which obviously is also the bundle of your choice? Well, then, hand over the bundle in your hand to him immediately and in the presence of everyone!"

Sahadeva could do nothing but obey meekly.

"It's a small thing compared to your life which he had saved. So you must let him have all the three bundles," said the queen. "Since I dislike ingratitude more than anything else, I advise you, don't try to be too clever, in future!"

Everyone was delighted with the queen's verdict. But Laxman was the happiest of them all.

- Swapna Dutta





# Let's welcome the monsoon!

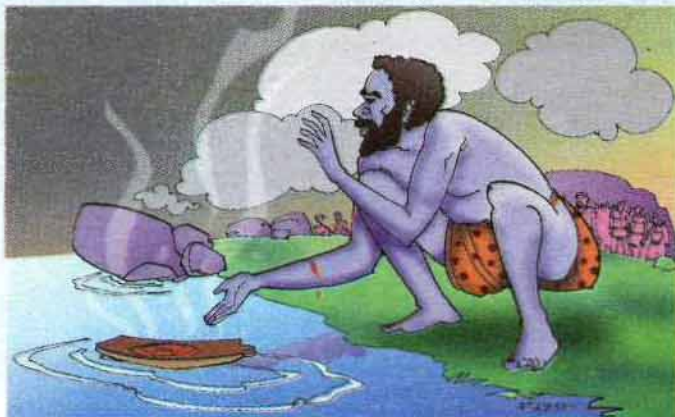
*The monsoon has arrived. And as usual, it has brought along all those lovely things that only the monsoon can bring - like the scent of the earth before a shower, and the rainbow. You must have often marvelled at the beautiful rainbow. You'll be surprised to know that long ago, many communities actually feared the colourful arch! Here are a few rainbow myths from round the world.*

## No rain! Call the rainmaker!

Back in the misty ages in Australia, when the ground became parched and cracked and the rain clouds did not appear at all, what would the local people do? Groan and moan and call the met office? Not quite. This was before the met office came into existence.

If you belonged to the Karamundi tribe, you'd make a beeline for your friendly neighbourhood rainmaker.

The tribal rainmaker would be ceremonially invited to perform the rainmaking ritual. He would cut open a vein in his arm and collect the blood in a piece of hollow bark until a pool is formed. He would add some gypsum to this and mix it to a paste.



Are you wrinkling your nose in disgust? Wait, there's more. He would then pull out some strands of hair from his beard and mix it with the paste. This is then placed between two pieces of bark and kept under water in a river or lagoon by means of pointed stakes driven into the ground. When the mixture dissolves, it is believed that a great cloud will form, bringing rain.



In India, the Hindus believed that Indra, the king of the devas and the god of thunder and rain, used it as a bow with which he shot his arrows of lightning. Which is why the rainbow is called the *Indradhanush* in many Indian languages.

**A Scandinavian myth explains that the rainbow is a bridge between heaven and earth. The Nordic people called it Bifrost, the bridge that linked Midgard, the world of men, and Asgard the home of the gods.**

The Zulus of Africa feared the rainbow. They believed that the rainbow lived with a snake, and that the snake always appeared when a rainbow was seen in the sky.





# MEN OF WIT

TENALI  
RAMA



One day, King Krishnadevaraya looked very troubled. When his courtiers asked him what the problem was, he replied, "Just before she died, my mother wanted to eat mangoes. It was not the season for mangoes, so I could not fulfil her wish. What is the use of being a king, if I cannot fulfil my own mother's last wish?"



"My lord, don't worry," said a noted pundit in the King's court. "All you have to do is, donate five golden mangoes to pundits. Scriptures say that your mother's last wishes will be as good as fulfilled if you do so."



The king accepted the suggestion. On an auspicious day, King Krishnadevaraya gave away five golden mangoes to five pundits. They accepted the mangoes and blessed the king, before going away.



Tenali Rama was watching this quietly. He approached the pundits and said, "My mother too died before her last wishes could be fulfilled. Please come to my house the next Amavasya day, so that I can fulfil her last wish by bestowing it on you."



On the auspicious day, the pundits promptly came to Tenali Rama's house. He asked them to enter one at a time. The pundits did as he told them. But when they came out, they looked furious and had their hands covered with a cloth.



The pundits went to the king and complained against Tenali Rama. They showed him their hands which looked blistered. "Tenali Rama invited us to his house and then did this to us. You must punish him for this."



The king listened to their story and then summoned Tenali Rama to the court. King Krishnadevaraya asked him angrily, "You invited the pundits with promises of gifts. And then you branded their palms with hot golden rods and sent them away. Why did you do so?"



Tenali Rama said, "My lord, on her deathbed, my mother was itching very much. I could not satisfy her last wish, which was, to be scratched with a hot iron rod to soothe her itching body. Today I fulfilled her last wish. If your mother's last wish could be fulfilled by giving away golden mangoes, won't my mother's be fulfilled by branding pundits with a golden rod? Her soul will now rest in peace."



# The giant who lost his fire

This happened long before people had learnt to use fire. Of course they *knew* fire: they had also seen it, but they did not know how to make fire. Deep in a cave in the mountains of Rotuma in the Fiji Islands, there lived a fierce giant called Tumba. He had terrifying and fearsome teeth that burned like coals on fire. Whenever he opened his mouth, the heat from his teeth was like a furnace blast. When he drew back his heavy lips to give one of his frightful smiles, the glare from his teeth outshone even the sun.

Fortunately, the giant spent most of his time sleeping in his cave, and only occasionally did he come out. When he awoke, he would take a stroll down the mountain, and his fiery breath would reduce the plants to ashes.

The villagers, who lived in the lower slopes of the mountains by the sea, were terrified of Tumba. They dreaded his strolls down the mountain and prayed that he would sleep forever in his cave, and not step out.

All of them, except four smart young lads in the village, that is. They were Lekabai, Dakuwaqa, Masilaca, and Tui Vesi. They looked with longing at the giant's fiery breath and desired to grab the fire from his mouth.

"How pleasant life would be if we had the fire!" said Tui Vesi. "Our women

could then cook delicious meals," said Dakuwaqa.

"We could have warmth and light in the dark nights," said Masilaca.

"Then, come, let's steal a little fire from the giant," said Lekabai.

So these bravest and most daring of young men in Rotuma took a bundle of dried coconut palm leaves and crept cautiously up the side of the mountain towards the cave of the giant. Outside the cave they listened and waited for the right moment to enter the cave without disturbing Tumba.

Silently they crept into the cave where Tumba was sleeping heavily. He was breathing deeply. With every puff of breath, tongues of flame darted out into the cave, only to be sucked back into that enormous mouth.

They tiptoed into the cave, using the light from Tumba's mouth to keep out of the way of stones and other things lying about in the cave. You see, they did not want to stumble or make a noise and wake him up.

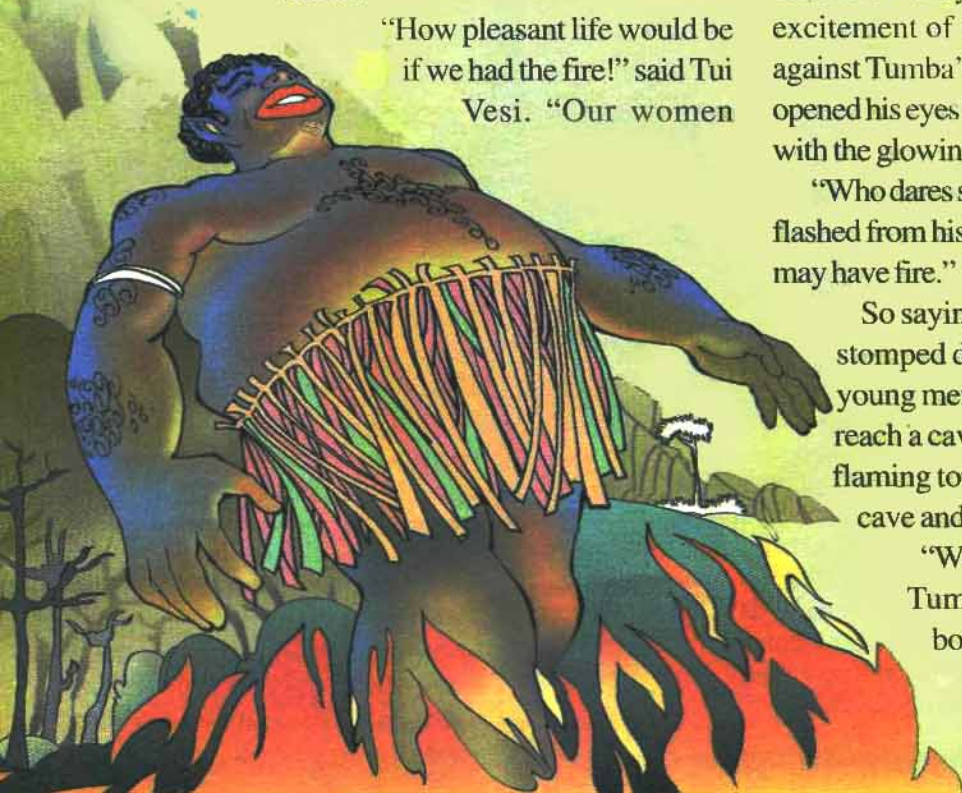
They went close to him and held out the bundle of dried fronds near his mouth. The little flames dancing round Tumba's mouth reached the fronds and set them on fire. As they were about to retreat, Tui Vesi, in the excitement of the moment, brushed his palm leaves against Tumba's lips. The giant stirred and woke up. He opened his eyes in time to see the foursome running away with the glowing bundles of coconut fronds.

"Who dares steal my fire?" howled Tumba, and flames flashed from his fiery mouth. "No one on this island but I may have fire."

So saying, he shook the sleep from his eyes and stomped down the mountainside behind the four young men. They slid and scrambled somehow to reach a cave close to the village. Holding on to the flaming torches, they stumbled and rolled into the cave and shut its mouth with a huge boulder.

"Whew!" said Dakuwaqa. "We're safe from Tumba at last. Even he can't roll that big boulder from the mouth of this cave."

"But we cannot stay here forever!"





warned Lekabai, who was the most practical of the lot. "We need to think how to shake off Tumba and return home."

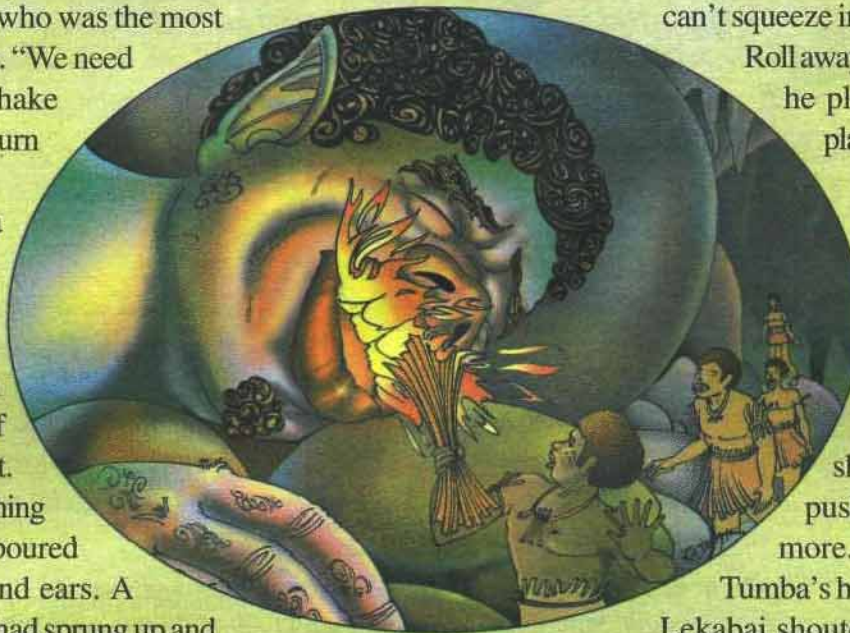
By then Tumba was huffing and puffing at the mouth of the cave and roaring at them to come out. Of course, they didn't. The giant was seething mad, and smoke poured out of his nose and ears. A roaring forest fire had sprung up and he was feeling quite hot. Inside the cave, the four young men were perspiring by the buckets. The fire outside made the cave extremely uncomfortable.

Both the giant and the lads realised that they must find a way out of the situation very soon if they must escape with their lives.

Tumba made the first move. "Look fellows, if you let me in, I shall sing for you a beautiful song," he cooed softly.

The lads decided to humour Tumba. They let the boulder roll away slightly, leaving a very thin gap.

Tumba was not pleased with the size of the gap. "I



can't squeeze in through such a tiny gap. Roll away the boulder a little more!" he pleaded. He was secretly planning to scorch them with his breath upon entering the cave.

Then suddenly Lekabai hit upon the perfect plan. After he had whispered it to his friends, the four put their shoulders to the job and pushed the boulder a little more. The gap widened and Tumba's head peeped into the cave.

Lekabai shouted "Now!" and the four quickly rolled the boulder close. Tumba had not expected this. He just could not react in time. His head was smashed and his teeth were knocked out. His flaming teeth spluttered and grew cold and dark.

The young men pushed past Tumba and rushed out of the cave. They called the people from all the nearby villages. "We've killed the giant!" they shouted. "His teeth no longer burn with fire, but the fire is not lost. We have it. Now life will be pleasant for us all."

They shared the fire with everyone. All the villagers from that day could cook yam and fish for food, and they no longer had to fear Tumba or his fiery breath.

## That's science for you!

Thousands of years ago, in some of the sophisticated civilisations of the world, doctors performed a kind of surgery now called trepanning. When patients with certain diseases — we do not know which — came to them for treatment, they would bore a hole in their skull with the help of stone drills. This shows that primitive doctors knew their medicine and the human physiology very well indeed. They knew another thing, too — have you guessed what? They must have known about anaesthesia! How else could one drill holes in a man's head and seal it back again? What could they have used as anaesthetics? Think it over!







**Manoj Das**

*Did your grandma tell you a story that left you rather puzzled? Did your father or mother give you an instruction that disagreed with the moral of a story you had read?*

*Well, we could probably help you find answers to your queries! Prof. Manoj Das, a noted writer and thinker, will answer your questions in this column. Share your doubts with him, resolve them and grow with confidence.*



*Send your questions to :  
Ask Away, Chandamama India  
Ltd., No.82 Defence Officers  
Colony, Ekkatuthangal,  
Chennai - 600 097 or e-mail to  
askaway@chandamama.org.*

**Q** *Is there any difference between Knowledge and Wisdom?*

**Jijnashu, Pondicherry**

**A** Much depends on the context in which these words are used. They are often used as synonyms. But if used with discrimination, there is a vast difference between the two.

Knowledge is what the mind can grasp. But the mind can grasp only a part of the truth, not the whole truth. You surely know the famous story of the seven blind men touching an elephant. One puts his hands on its flank and declares that the creature is like a wall; the second one feels its legs and declares that the elephant is like a pillar, so on and so forth. The human mind is like that. Its power of understanding is limited. So far as true wisdom is concerned — which comes not from the mind but from the soul — it can reveal the truth in its fullness.

There is then another way of looking at the difference between the two qualities. We may have the knowledge of a virtue, but we may not have the wisdom to practise it.

Once a gardener trapped a smart little parrot. The bird asked, "Why did you catch me?"

"To sell you, of course!" answered the gardener.

"Please release me. I'll give you the knowledge of three principles that would make you wise," said the bird.

The man did not quite believe the bird. However, he said, "Give me the knowledge first and then I'll decide."

"Here they are," said the bird. "Don't regret what is gone. Don't believe the impossible. Don't run after what cannot be got."

"Ha! Is this what you call knowledge leading to wisdom? Well, I certainly knew all this!" explained the man with a guffaw. In the process, his grip slackened and the bird flew away and sat on the lower branch of a tree.

"Are you sure you had this knowledge? In that case you have just lost a fortune. Had you not slackened your grip giving me the chance to escape, you could have become the richest man in your village, for my stomach contains a diamond as big as an apple," the bird said.

The gardener felt frustrated. He rushed to the tree and reached out to catch the bird. Needless to say, the bird flew onto a higher branch.

The man climbed the tree. The bird flew up again to a branch beyond his reach. But the man did not give up. He climbed further up. The bird went over to the very top of the tree. As the man tried to catch it by holding on to a branch over his head, the branch broke and he fell down on a thorny bush.

The bird laughed, as he stood up with bruises and cuts all over his body. "Do you now realize the truth about yourself? You had perhaps the knowledge of the principles I gave you, but you did not have the wisdom to follow them. I asked you not to regret what is gone. Still you regretted the loss of your catch and tried to recapture me. I asked you not to believe in the



impossible. Yet you thought that a tiny creature like me could contain a diamond the size of an apple. Thirdly I told you not to run after what cannot be got. Yet you tried to catch me forgetting that a bird that was keen to escape and could fly would not wait for your stupid hand to reach it!"

The story leaves us to reflect on the truth that it is one thing to have some knowledge, and quite different to act according to it. One who can do so is wise.

By the way, I must warn you that the moral of any story is to be appreciated in its context. Here the story teaches us the value of common sense. It does not tell us that one should not aspire to achieve what appears impossible or what is beyond one's reach at a given moment.

**Q** What can be called Mythology?

**V.S. Kapardhi, Rayagada.**

**A** One meaning of the term Mythology is a collection of myths belonging to a particular culture or civilization. So

what is a myth? A myth is a legend going back to a remote past, which carries a deeper meaning, apart from what it says on the surface.

For example, the legend of *Samudra Manthan* or Churning of the Ocean is a myth. It tells us that once upon a time the gods and the demons churned the ocean in search of nectar. They found, among other things, both poison and nectar.

The legend has many significant aspects. Let me refer to only one of them. In spiritual symbolism, the ocean represents consciousness. The consciousness contains both nectar and poison – symbolically, both immortality and death. Immortality comes at the end. It can be had only by those who deserve it.

But in a general way mythology means the entire range of literature accepted by a people as sacred. In the Indian context right from the *Vedas* to the *Puranas* (including the *Upanishads*, the two great epics and the *Bhagavad Gita*), a large number of works constitute the Indian Mythology.

## A man with a difference - Joseph Mazzini

**W**hat would you do if you saw a beggar on a street? Fish out some coins for his or her bowl? But would you go beyond that – show compassion, sympathy? This is the story of a six-year-old boy, whose reaction to the sight of a street beggar was out of the ordinary.

The little boy was out for a walk with his mother, along a street of Italy. Suddenly they came upon a poor man in tattered clothes, begging on the street. The child had never seen anyone like this before. He was shocked and bewildered. He quickly went up to the man and put his arms around him! He looked at him with a compassion far beyond his six years and spontaneously murmured soothing words to the beggar. He then pleaded with his mother to give the man something.

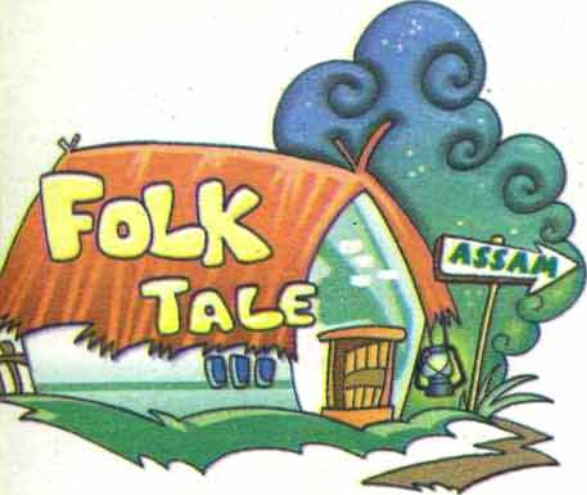


You can well imagine the reaction of the mother and the beggar. They were dumbfounded. The beggar looked at the child with tears in his eyes and told his mother, "Your son is no ordinary child. He will do great things for our country and countrymen. Take good care of him, ma'am." He blessed the child and went away.

The beggar's words proved prophetic. The child grew up into a very compassionate man. He had immense love for the poor and needy. He did his best to bring about a change in the plight of his poor countrymen.

He was also an intensely patriotic man. He often used to say that if his heart was ripped open, the word 'Italy' would be found inscribed there! Eventually, he did give up his life for his country. He was the famous Italian patriot, Joseph Mazzini.





Assam, the gateway to the northeastern States of India, is popularly known as the land of Red River and Blue Hills. The red river refers to River Brahmaputra that flows through the State and the Blue Hills are the hills that surround the land.

Assam is surrounded by Arunachal Pradesh and Bhutan in the north, Nagaland, Manipur, and Burma (now Myanmar) in the east, Tripura, Mizoram, and Bangladesh in the south, and West Bengal in the west.

Assam is said to have derived its name from the Sanskrit word 'Asom', which means unequalled or unrivalled. The uneven topography of the land – full of hills, plains and rivers—might have contributed to her name. Another version is that Assam could be the anglicised version for Asom (Axon), named after the Ahom tribes, who ruled the land for more than six centuries.

This 78,523 sq km State has a population of 26,638,407. The capital is Dispur. The official languages are Assamese and Bengali.

In Digboi in Upper Assam is the first ever refinery to be set up in Asia. It laid the foundation for the oil and petroleum industry in the country. Crude oil was first struck here in 1867, just eight years after Colonel Drake discovered oil in Pennsylvania.

# Tejimala

In a picturesque village on the banks of River Brahmaputra and overlooking the magnificent Jaintia Hills lived Brighu, a wealthy merchant. He had a beautiful daughter, Tejimala. Her mother died when she was young. Her father married again. Kanchan, Tejimala's stepmother, was a cruel woman. She treated Tejimala with the utmost callousness.

Tejimala was a very *bhal suwali*. She obeyed her stepmother and did all the household chores that she was asked to do. She swept the *dangar* house, cleaned the vessels, washed the clothes, went to the forest and fetched wood, brought water from the river and did all the odd jobs. Yet her stepmother always found fault with her and beat her severely most of the time.



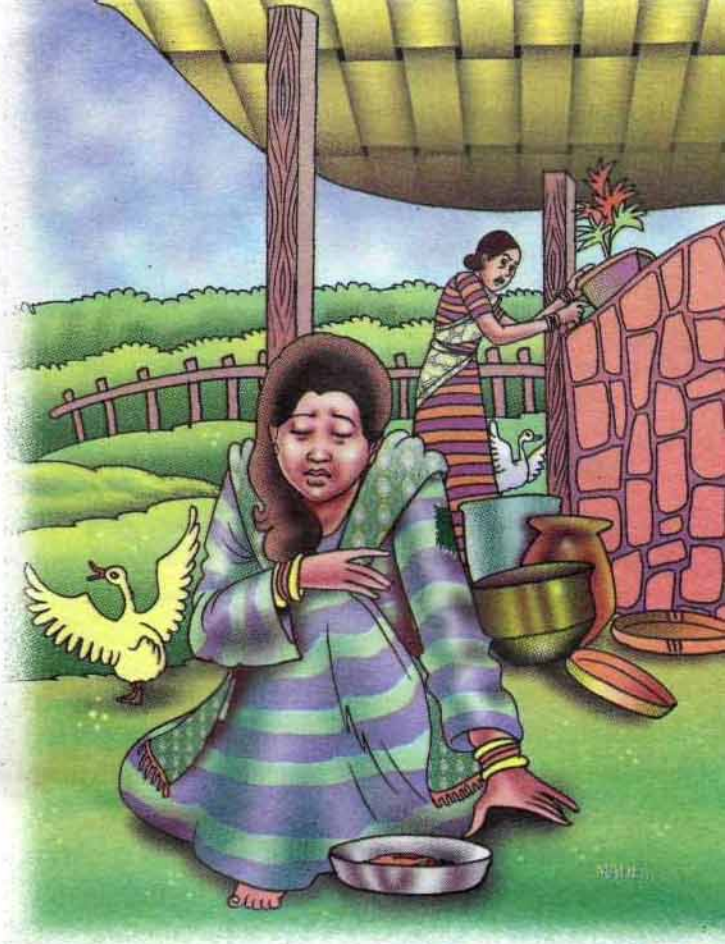


Brighu, being a businessman, would frequently go on long journeys to sell his goods. In the absence of her *deuta*, Tejimala was left at the mercy of her cruel stepmother. And then life became even more difficult for poor Tejimala. Her stepmother would burden her with more work than usual. She would have to cook and go to the market and carry heavy bags of groceries. Why, she would even be sent to help her uncles in the paddy fields outside the village.

Tejimala would be given just one meal a day and that would be a bowl of thin rice gruel, and some salt and chillies to go with.

When her clothes wore out with all the hard work that she had to do, she went about in the rags until her father's arrival was announced. And then her stepmother would hurriedly fetch two sets of quite plain new dresses for her.

She was beaten whenever her stepmother fancied. But Tejimala bore all these tortures with tenacity. She did not say a word against her stepmother to anyone.



## Tea gardens



The first thing that comes to our mind at the mention of Assam is tea. Assam is one of the largest tea producing areas in the world. Assam tea contributes to more than 50% of India's total production of this beverage crop.

It is believed that the first tea company in the world was formed in Assam – The Assam Company. It was founded on February 12, 1839 and had Dwarakanath Tagore, grandfather of Nobel laureate Rabindranath Tagore, as one of its directors. Assam tea is renowned for its flavour and bright colour.

Today, the Brahmaputra valley has more than 230,000 hectares of tea gardens. Guwahati also has the world's largest tea auction centre.

As time passed, Tejimala grew into a lovely *tiruta*. Her father realised that time had come to get her married. He started looking out for a suitable match. Kanchan went into a sulk as soon as she heard of this decision of her husband. If Tejimala got married and went away, who would scrub the floor, and fetch for her water and firewood, and wash her clothes? But she kept quiet because she knew that her husband loved his daughter very much and would punish Kanchan if he knew that she wanted to keep the girl as a servant in the house.

Brighu travelled far and wide in search of a bridegroom. At last, he found a very handsome and intelligent young man. He proposed the match and the boy's parents were only too happy to be related to a good family such as Brighu's. When he brought back this news, his wife Kanchan became green with jealousy. 'Tejimala will live like a queen in that house. And I shall have to scrub and wash and clean without any help here,' she thought.

Brighu made great plans for his prospective son-in-law. He thought, 'Here's a bright lad, an ideal partner for my daughter. But he needs to gain more experience



## Arts and handicraft



Handloom weaving is a way of life in Assam. Cotton, *muga* silk, *paat* silk, and *erni* silk are the basic material for hand woven fabrics. Muga silk has a rare sheen and natural golden colour and becomes more lustrous with each wash. Erni is warm silk and most suitable for winter.

Bamboo weaving is another craft popular in Assam. Bamboo is used mainly to make domestic products, such as *chalani* (sieve), *kula* (winnowing pan), and *khorahi* (small basket). The Assamese peasant, while working in the fields, wears a fancy bamboo hat, which has colourful designs and motifs.

in worldly matters.' So before the marriage ceremony took place, he took him along on a long journey. They travelled far and wide and saw many great cities in many countries.

Back in the village, Tejimala's stepmother could not digest the bright future that was in store for the girl. She decided to get rid of her.

One day, she called Tejimala and asked her to help in husking the paddy. When the innocent girl was working on the paddy, the cruel stepmother dropped the heavy pestle on her head. Tejimala died instantly.

Kanchan wailed and cried. The neighbours came in a jiffy and asked, "Aito ki?" Kanchan beat her head, pretending to be grief-stricken and said, "What shall I do? My dear daughter has died. Her marriage had been fixed. We were all so happy. And this had to happen!" She made the neighbours believe that it was an accident. They expressed their sympathy and buried Tejimala in the garden.

After a week, a creeper grew over the spot where the girl was buried. It was a pumpkin creeper and it grew *dighal* and *dighal* in

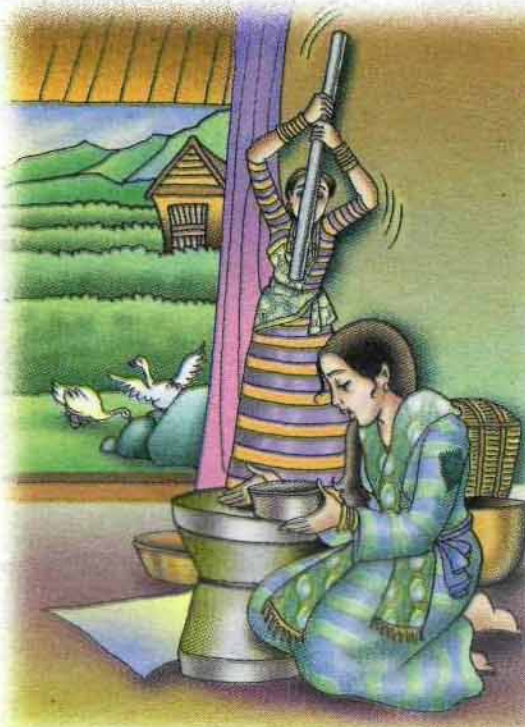
*chuti khamay*. Very soon it bore many huge pumpkins. One day, a passerby wanted to steal one of them. But as soon as he placed his hand on the vegetable, a voice said: "Oh! Please don't touch me. I'm not a pumpkin, I'm Tejimala." The man was so frightened that he ran away.

Tejimala's stepmother had also heard what the pumpkin said. 'O my god!' thought she. 'What would happen if my husband came back and found out the truth from the pumpkin?' So the evil woman destroyed the creeper.

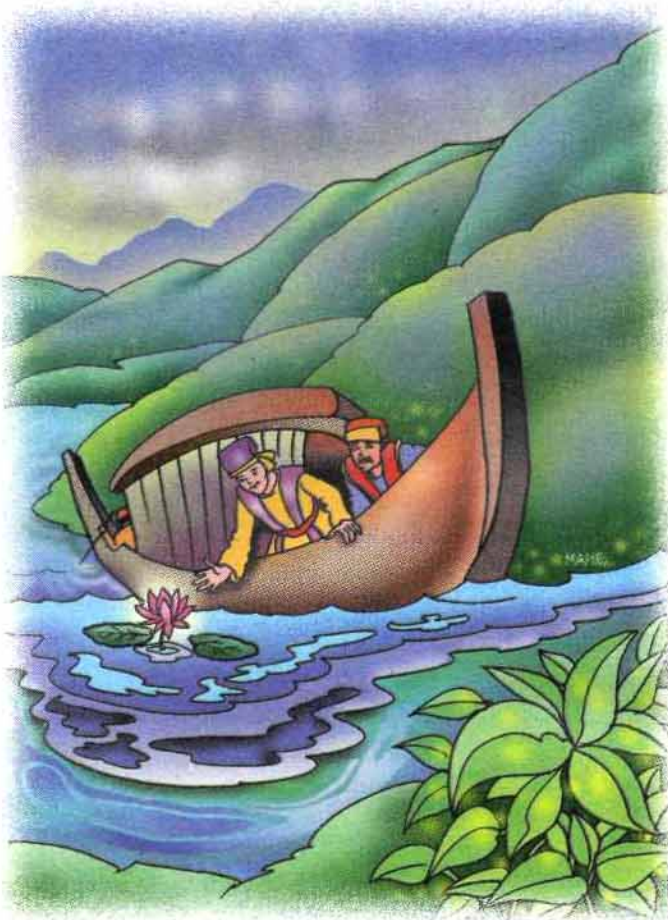
A few *khoptah* later, a chilli plant grew where the pumpkin creeper had been. The plant was soon covered with *ronga* and *khaujia* chillies.

The cowherds passing that way tried to pluck some chillies. But they heard a pleading voice, "Please do not touch me. I'm not a chilli plant, I'm Tejimala." The cowherds thought that it was Tejimala's ghost that was speaking and ran away in fear.

Tejimala's stepmother then destroyed the chilli plant and threw it into the Brahmaputra. A lovely lotus grew in the river where the chilli plant had fallen.







While the lotus was a-bloom in the river, Brighu and the young man sailed down the red river in a boat on their return journey. When the young man saw the beautiful lotus, he stretched his hand to pluck it.

## Glossary

<i>Bhal suwali</i> - good girl	<i>Chuti Khamay</i> - less time
<i>Khoptah</i> - week	
<i>Aito ki</i> - what is this?	<i>Ronga</i> - red
<i>Dighal</i> - long	<i>Khaujia</i> - green
<i>Chuti</i> - short	<i>Aha</i> - come
<i>Tiruta</i> - lady	<i>Dangar</i> - big
	<i>Deuta</i> - father

"Please don't touch me. I'm not a lotus. I'm Tejimala," the flower cried. The young man withdrew in wonder, while Tejimala's father was shocked. He had not heard the news of his daughter's death. But this voice certainly sounded like his darling girl's. "Oh, my daughter, where are you? Please *aha* to me, my dear Teji!" he cried.

On hearing his affectionate voice, the lovely lotus suddenly changed into Tejimala. She ran into her father's arms and narrated the whole story to him. As he heard how his dear daughter had been ill-treated and killed by his cruel wife, Brighu grew more and more angry.

At last they were home. When Kanchan saw Tejimala at her doorstep with her father and the young man, she was quite stunned. She knew the game was up. Brighu drove out the wicked Kanchan. Tejimala's marriage with the young man was celebrated very grandly.

## Kaziranga National Park

The Kaziranga National Park is the home of the famous one-horned rhino. In the early 20<sup>th</sup> century, the rhinos were hunted in large numbers and were on the verge of extinction. Then the British woke up to the plight of these animals and declared the park as a reserved forest and closed for shooting. It acquired the status of a wildlife sanctuary in 1940 and became a national park in 1974. Today, *this park, on the banks of the Brahmaputra, is the home of more than 1,000 rhinos.* The other animals that can be seen here include the water buffalo, swamp deer, and the Gangetic dolphin.



There is nothing in which the birds differ more from man than the way in which they can build and yet leave a landscape as it was before.

- Robert Lynd





## Museum for ants

It cannot be an ant-size museum, for it houses more than 100,000 ants! This museum is in Kasetsart University in Thailand. The Department of Forestry is in charge of the museum. Nearly a hundred ant families and 550 species of live ants are on display in the museum which has also preserved another 100,000 ants in alcohol. So, if you have a chance to go to Thailand (formerly Siam, famous for its white elephants), don't omit the ant museum from your list of visits.

## Indian chef honoured

Sunil Menon, a 33-year-old Indian chef, was crowned the International Indian Chef of the Year at Edinburgh, Scotland, recently. This former chef of Taj Mahal Hotel, Mumbai, came out ahead of seven other finalists in the annual competitions that are held to promote innovations and quality in Indian cuisine.



The four-course winning meal was adjudged on presentation, quality, taste, and techniques. Menon took just two-and-half hours out of the allotted three hours to complete his dishes.

Tommy Miah, an Indian restaurant owner in Edinburgh, has been organising these annual competitions since 1991.

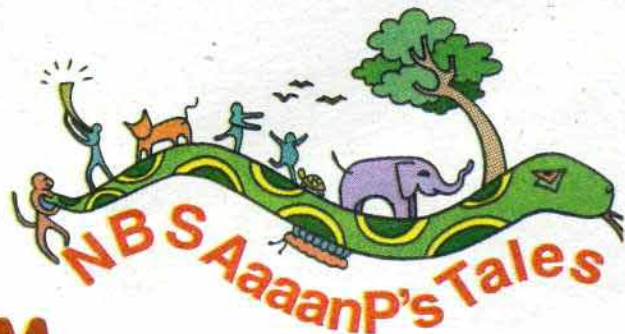
## NEWS FLASH

### Balancing feat

The younger among you, readers, will be familiar with the egg-and-spoon race in your school annual sports. One has to balance an egg (invariably a lime will substitute for the egg) placed on a spoon held by the mouth, while walking a specified distance. Of course, if you allow the lime to fall down, you are out of the race! Now, imagine you have to balance a 10 inch high milk bottle (yes, filled with milk!) on your bare head when you traverse a specified distance. Those who reach the other point without letting the bottle fall down can, if he or she so desires, drink the milk and claim a prize, too! That's what India-born Suresh Joachim achieved when he balanced a milk bottle on his head and walked - now take a deep breath - 133km in Central Sydney, Australia. The milk would have been spoilt by the time he reached the other end, but he won a prize and a place in the *Guinness Book of Records*.







# Mini and the sacred grove

**M**ini was woken up by the shout of “*chaaya, chaaya...*!” She peeped through the window and was surprised to see the yellow board that read ‘Palakkad Junction’. The train was two hours late, but Mini was not bothered. She had always wanted to see the river Bharathapuzha in the morning light as it snaked through the green paddy fields and coconut plantations. As the train began to move, Mini woke up her elder sister Moni and both of them sat by the window, entranced by the natural beauty.

‘Everything looks so beautiful in the rays of the rising sun,’ thought Mini.

The 10-year-old eagerly looked forward to this annual trip to her grandparents’ home in Thrissur, Kerala, every summer. For Moni, who was slightly older than Mini, it was just a welcome change from Mumbai and school. But for Mini, it was one month of total bliss. The annual holiday was like one extended picnic: one day to the paddy fields with grandpa, the next day to the cashew orchards, another day to the coconut plantation with Uncle, visits to the village pond, temple, and other interesting places.

During these trips Mini observed in fascination how the water from the canal flowed into every field through tiny inlets, how effortlessly Mooppan climbed one

coconut tree after the other, how young boys and girls trapped fish in their towels at the pond...

But she always went back to Mumbai with a feeling of regret: that she had not visited the *kaavu* or the sacred grove adjoining the temple in her village. Today as she thought of the *kaavu*, she recollected a conversation with her father and Moni a few months back. Father had said that the government had declared certain areas as Reserved Forests, Sanctuaries, and National Parks to protect the environment. But, he explained, more important than the government’s efforts were the local traditions that helped to protect patches or even vast areas of natural vegetation. He had explained that Indians believed nature to be sacred. And so, people in rural areas had marked out sacred groves for protection. These groves, called *kaavu* in Malayalam, were generally dedicated to a deity. It was sacrilege to disturb plants that grew there or kill the animals that lived there. “The sacred groves are the most effective way of preserving biodiversity at minimum expense, with the local people tending to them and protecting them,” Father had commented.

‘We must visit the *kaavu* this time. I shall ask Uncle to take us there one day,’ Mini thought as the train chugged along.

Soon they were at Thrissur. Once they were comfortably seated in Uncle’s car, Mini announced, “I want to see the *kaavu*.” No one seemed to have heard her.

“I asked whether I could visit the *kaavu* this vacation,” she repeated.

“Why? Do you want to grow a moustache?” Mother demanded.

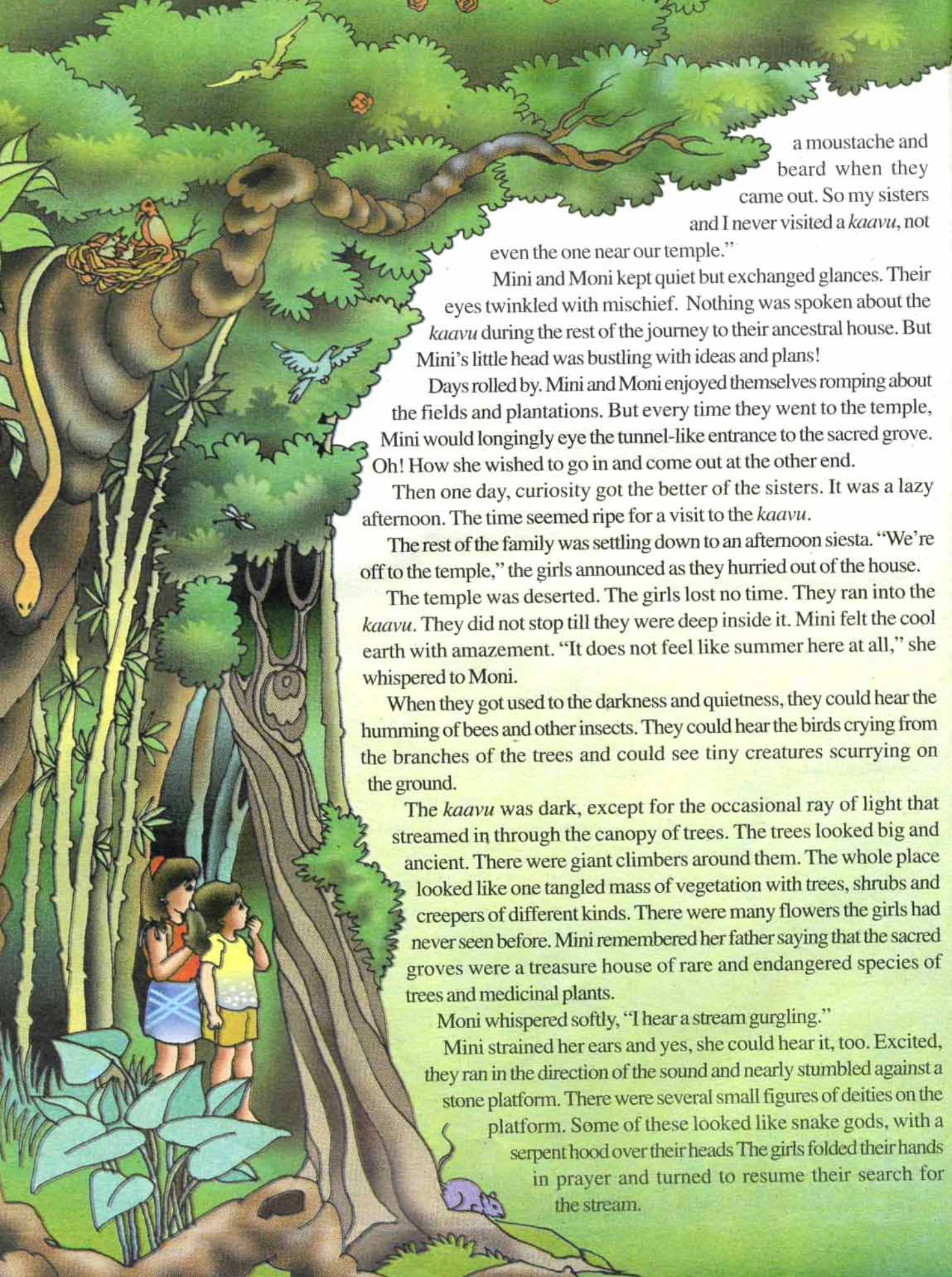
“Who said so?” Mini was defiant.

Her Uncle and Father, who had been talking, fell silent. They, too, wanted to know.

“Well, that’s what my grandmother used to say. Children who dared to enter the *kaavu* grew







a moustache and beard when they came out. So my sisters and I never visited a *kaavu*, not

even the one near our temple."

Mini and Moni kept quiet but exchanged glances. Their eyes twinkled with mischief. Nothing was spoken about the *kaavu* during the rest of the journey to their ancestral house. But Mini's little head was bustling with ideas and plans!

Days rolled by. Mini and Moni enjoyed themselves romping about the fields and plantations. But every time they went to the temple, Mini would longingly eye the tunnel-like entrance to the sacred grove. Oh! How she wished to go in and come out at the other end.

Then one day, curiosity got the better of the sisters. It was a lazy afternoon. The time seemed ripe for a visit to the *kaavu*.

The rest of the family was settling down to an afternoon siesta. "We're off to the temple," the girls announced as they hurried out of the house.

The temple was deserted. The girls lost no time. They ran into the *kaavu*. They did not stop till they were deep inside it. Mini felt the cool earth with amazement. "It does not feel like summer here at all," she whispered to Moni.

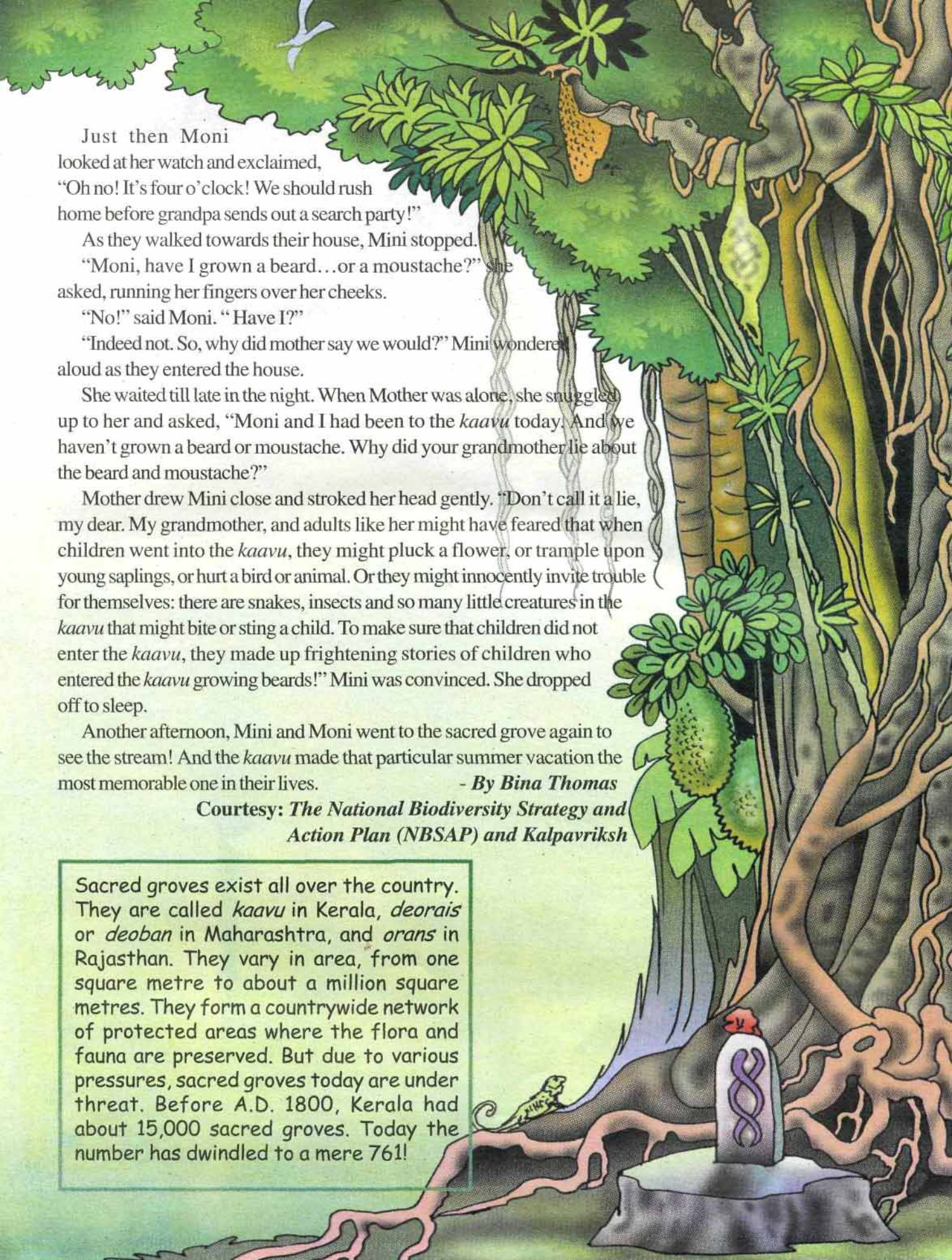
When they got used to the darkness and quietness, they could hear the humming of bees and other insects. They could hear the birds crying from the branches of the trees and could see tiny creatures scurrying on the ground.

The *kaavu* was dark, except for the occasional ray of light that streamed in through the canopy of trees. The trees looked big and ancient. There were giant climbers around them. The whole place looked like one tangled mass of vegetation with trees, shrubs and creepers of different kinds. There were many flowers the girls had never seen before. Mini remembered her father saying that the sacred groves were a treasure house of rare and endangered species of trees and medicinal plants.

Moni whispered softly, "I hear a stream gurgling."

Mini strained her ears and yes, she could hear it, too. Excited, they ran in the direction of the sound and nearly stumbled against a stone platform. There were several small figures of deities on the platform. Some of these looked like snake gods, with a serpent hood over their heads. The girls folded their hands in prayer and turned to resume their search for the stream.





Just then Moni looked at her watch and exclaimed, "Oh no! It's four o'clock! We should rush home before grandpa sends out a search party!"

As they walked towards their house, Mini stopped.

"Moni, have I grown a beard...or a moustache?" she asked, running her fingers over her cheeks.

"No!" said Moni. "Have I?"

"Indeed not. So, why did mother say we would?" Mini wondered aloud as they entered the house.

She waited till late in the night. When Mother was alone, she snuggled up to her and asked, "Moni and I had been to the *kaavu* today. And we haven't grown a beard or moustache. Why did your grandmother lie about the beard and moustache?"

Mother drew Mini close and stroked her head gently. "Don't call it a lie, my dear. My grandmother, and adults like her might have feared that when children went into the *kaavu*, they might pluck a flower, or trample upon young saplings, or hurt a bird or animal. Or they might innocently invite trouble for themselves: there are snakes, insects and so many little creatures in the *kaavu* that might bite or sting a child. To make sure that children did not enter the *kaavu*, they made up frightening stories of children who entered the *kaavu* growing beards!" Mini was convinced. She dropped off to sleep.

Another afternoon, Mini and Moni went to the sacred grove again to see the stream! And the *kaavu* made that particular summer vacation the most memorable one in their lives.

- By Bina Thomas

Courtesy: The National Biodiversity Strategy and Action Plan (NBSAP) and Kalpavriksh

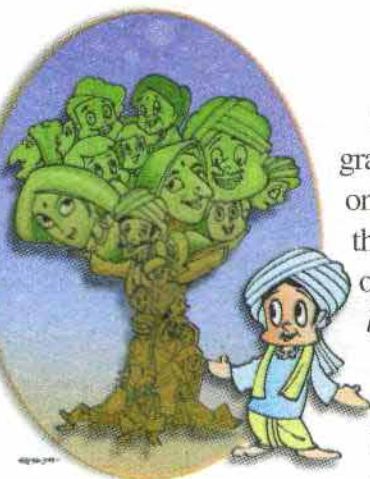
Sacred groves exist all over the country. They are called *kaavu* in Kerala, *deorais* or *deoban* in Maharashtra, and *orans* in Rajasthan. They vary in area, from one square metre to about a million square metres. They form a countrywide network of protected areas where the flora and fauna are preserved. But due to various pressures, sacred groves today are under threat. Before A.D. 1800, Kerala had about 15,000 sacred groves. Today the number has dwindled to a mere 761!





## The genealogists of Rajasthan

Have you ever tried tracing your roots? Perhaps an enthusiastic grandfather or grandmother can help you draw up a family tree. For many Rajasthani communities, tracing one's lineage would be child's play. This is because the history of every family belonging to these communities is recorded by *bhats* or traditional genealogists. There are two kinds of *bhats* in Rajasthan – the *mukhavancha bhat* and the *pothibancha bhat*. These *bhats* visit families every few years and record every new birth or death in their books or memory. The *mukhavancha bhats* keep oral records while the *pothibanchis* keep written ones. During their visits, the *bhats* stay for a few days in the village and go from house to house.



## Life's a journey



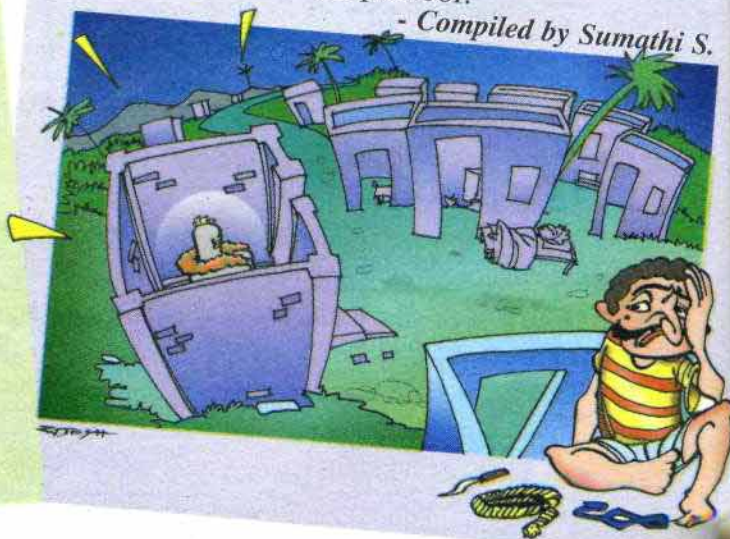
You love travelling, don't you? But can you imagine being on the move all your life? In Jammu and Kashmir, amidst the high, snow-capped Himalayas, live a tribe of people called the Gujjars. They are one of the few nomadic tribes in India today. They cover hundreds of kilometres every year, carrying tents, blankets, and sacks of maize flour, piled on the back of packhorses. Between November and March, the Gujjars and their flocks gather in the hilly region of Riasi, Rajouri, and Poonch in Jammu. In early April, they migrate back to the *behaks*, or meadows in the higher ranges of the lofty Himalayas, the summer haven for their flock. Come September and the Gujjars pack up and leave the *behaks* for their winter home in Jammu.

## The guarding god

The residents of Meetankulam, a coconut palm-fringed coastal village near Chennai in Tamil Nadu have so much faith in their village temple, dedicated to Lord Siva Muniyappasamy, that all the 132 houses in the hamlet do not have doors!

The villagers claim that no burglary has ever been reported in their village. They also believe that if any resident tries to put up a door, or a tiled roof to his palm thatch, his house will incur the deity's wrath. The shrine, which is more than 200 years old, also does not have a door or a proper roof.

- Compiled by Sumathi S.







# JUNIOR CHANDAMAMA



Long ago, in a barn in a farm lived two mice, Lali and Lalu, and a cock called Chandi.

Lali and Lalu played and danced the whole day. But Chandi was a hard-working cock.

He would start work at sunrise by crowing loudly to wake up everyone in the village.

He worked till sunset, when he went to bed after bidding the sun good-bye.

Wouldn't you love to draw a handsome cock like Chandi? Here are three easy steps to help you draw one!

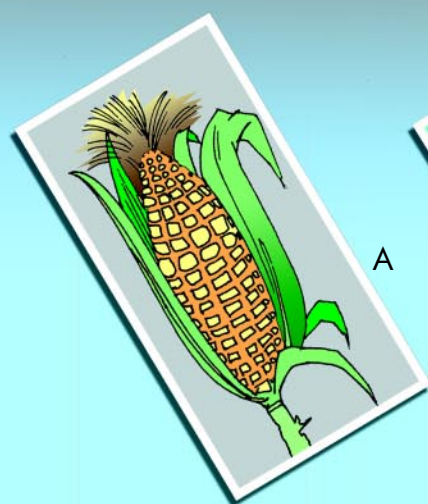




One day, Chandi found a stalk of wheat on the barn floor. 'Hey, this will make a lovely pie,' he thought, licking his lips. Lali and Lulu were dancing together some distance away. "Come here, both of you. See what I've found," Chandi called out to them. They came skipping up to him. When they saw the stalk of wheat, they were excited. "Wow! Chandi, this will make a lovely pie!" they said.

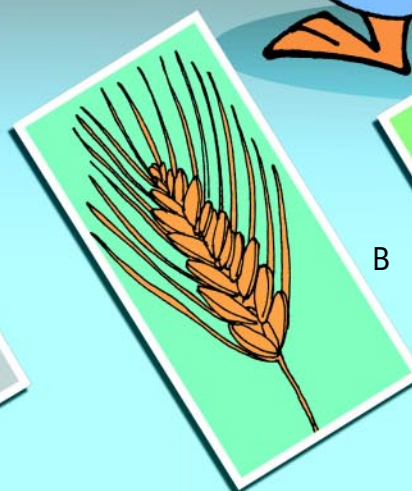


Can you identify the three kinds of grain given below ? And can you match the grains with the food items that are made of them?



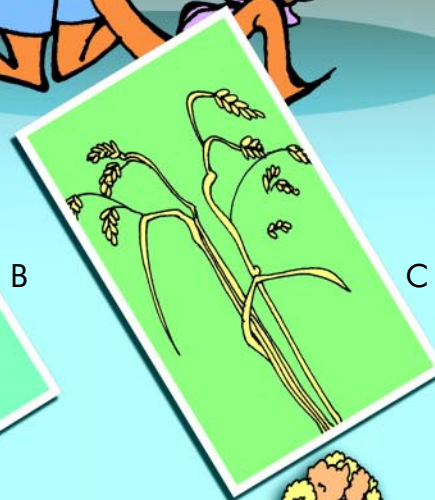
1

ROTI



2

IDLIS



3

POPCORN





"But the wheat has to be threshed," said Chandi. "So, who's going to do it?" Even before Chandi had finished speaking, Lali said, "Not I!" and skipped away. "Nor I!" giggled Lalu and went to join Lali. Soon they were dancing again. "Well, then, I'll do it myself!" said Chandi and soon set to work.



A



B



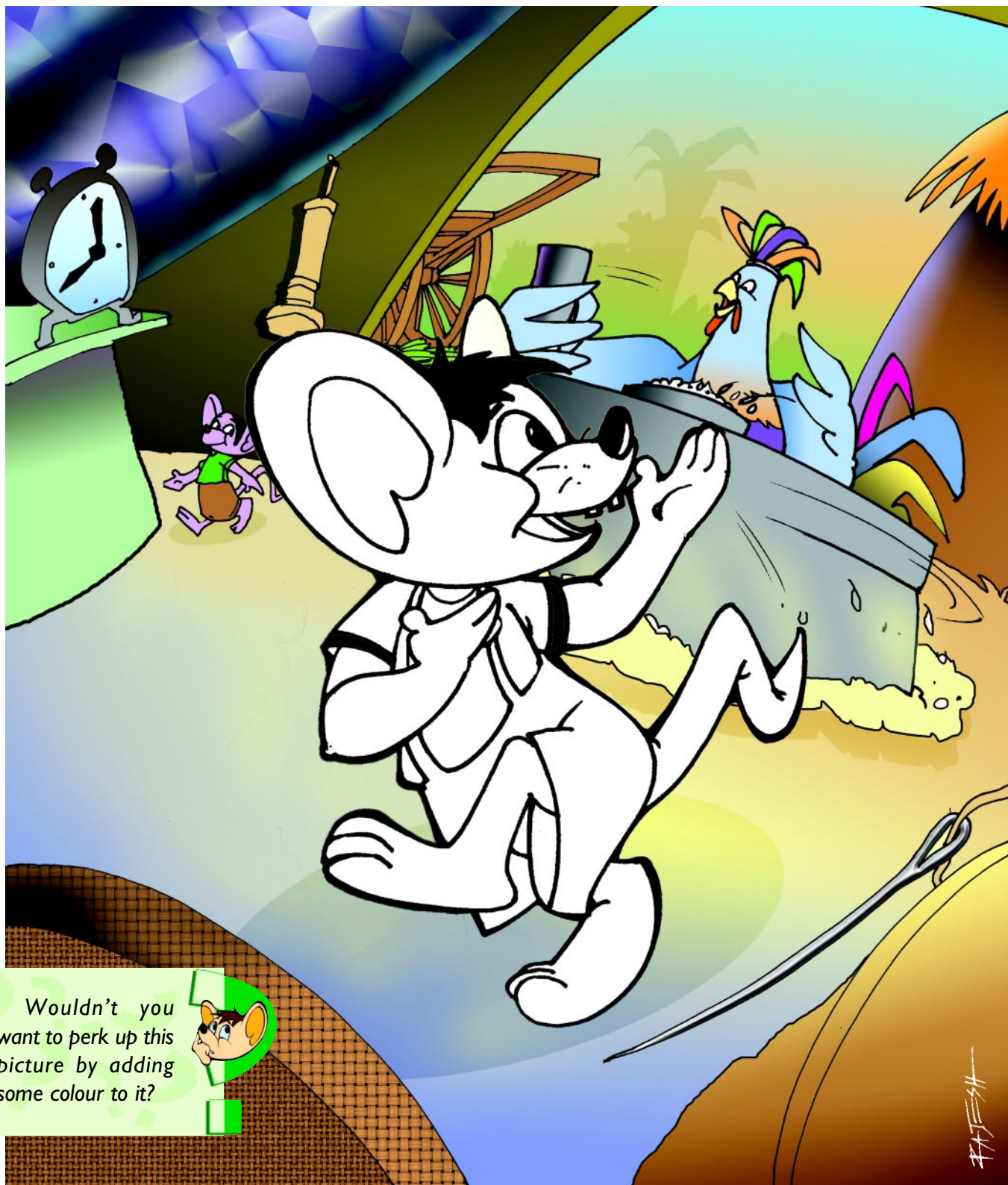
C



D



After the stalk of wheat was threshed, Chandi called out to Lali and Lalu again. "The grain must be ground into flour!" said Chandi. "Yes," they sang out together. "But who will do it?" asked Chandi. Lali and Lalu looked at each other. Soon Chandi heard their favourite chorus: "Not !! Nor !!" They ran back to their games. 'I can do that myself,' thought Chandi. He sat at the grinding stone, and ground the wheat to flour. He was tired but he did not stop working.



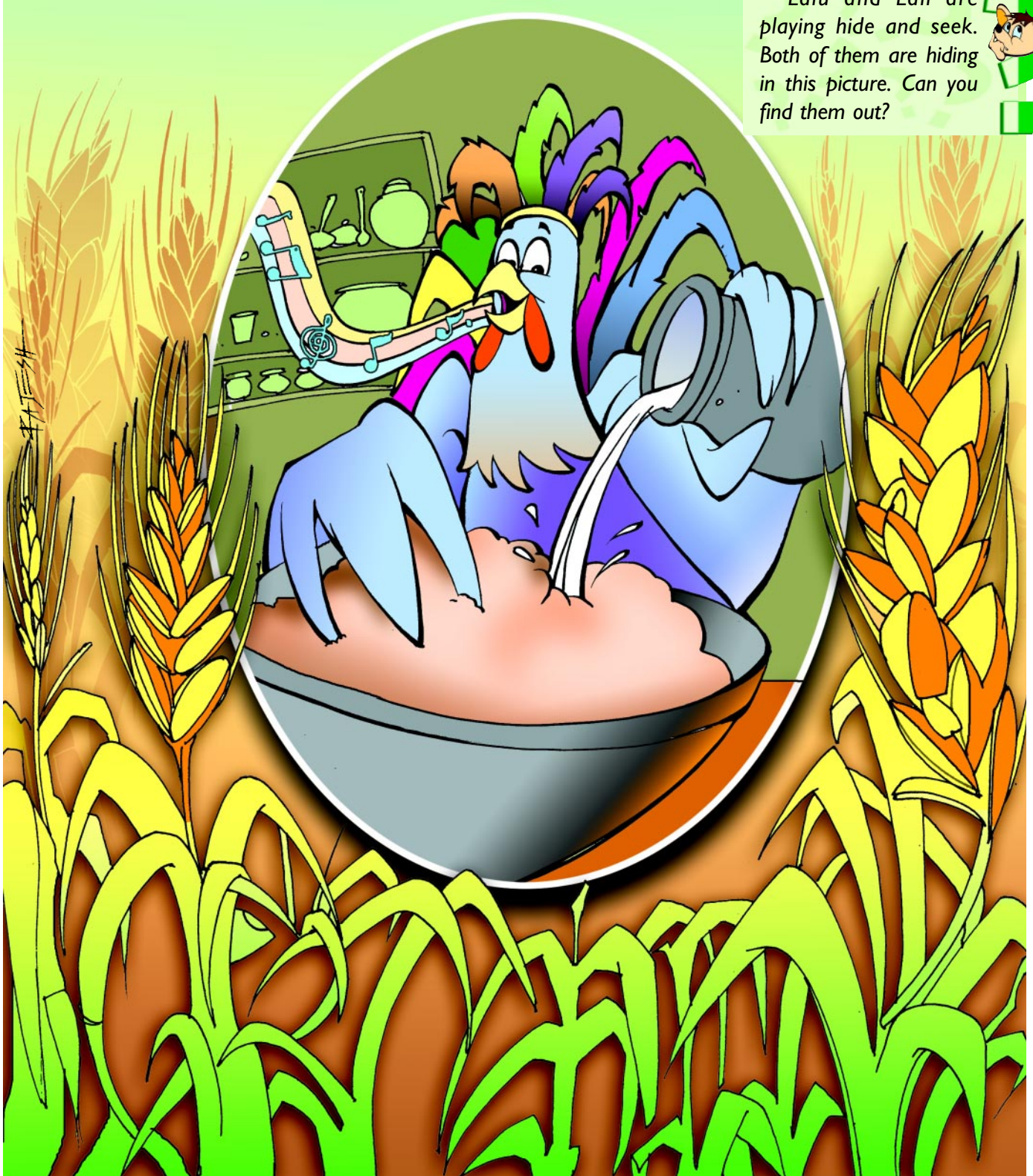
Wouldn't you want to perk up this picture by adding some colour to it?





Some time later Chandi scooped up the flour into a big vessel. When he walked into the barn, Lali and Lali came running up. "Now the dough has to be mixed and the pies baked," they said in one voice. "But we can't do it! Not us!" They went back to playing hide and seek. Chandi thought for a moment and made up his mind. 'Well, I'll have to do that, too!' he said to himself.

Lalu and Lali are playing hide and seek. Both of them are hiding in this picture. Can you find them out?





Chandi mixed the flour with water and made the dough. Then he lit the stove and waited for the oven to get nice and warm. He then made small pies out of the dough and decorated them with raisins. He placed them in the oven. In a corner of the barn, Lali and Lalu were singing at the top of their voices. Soon they could smell the wonderful pie.



In the given space, make a list of the smells you like.



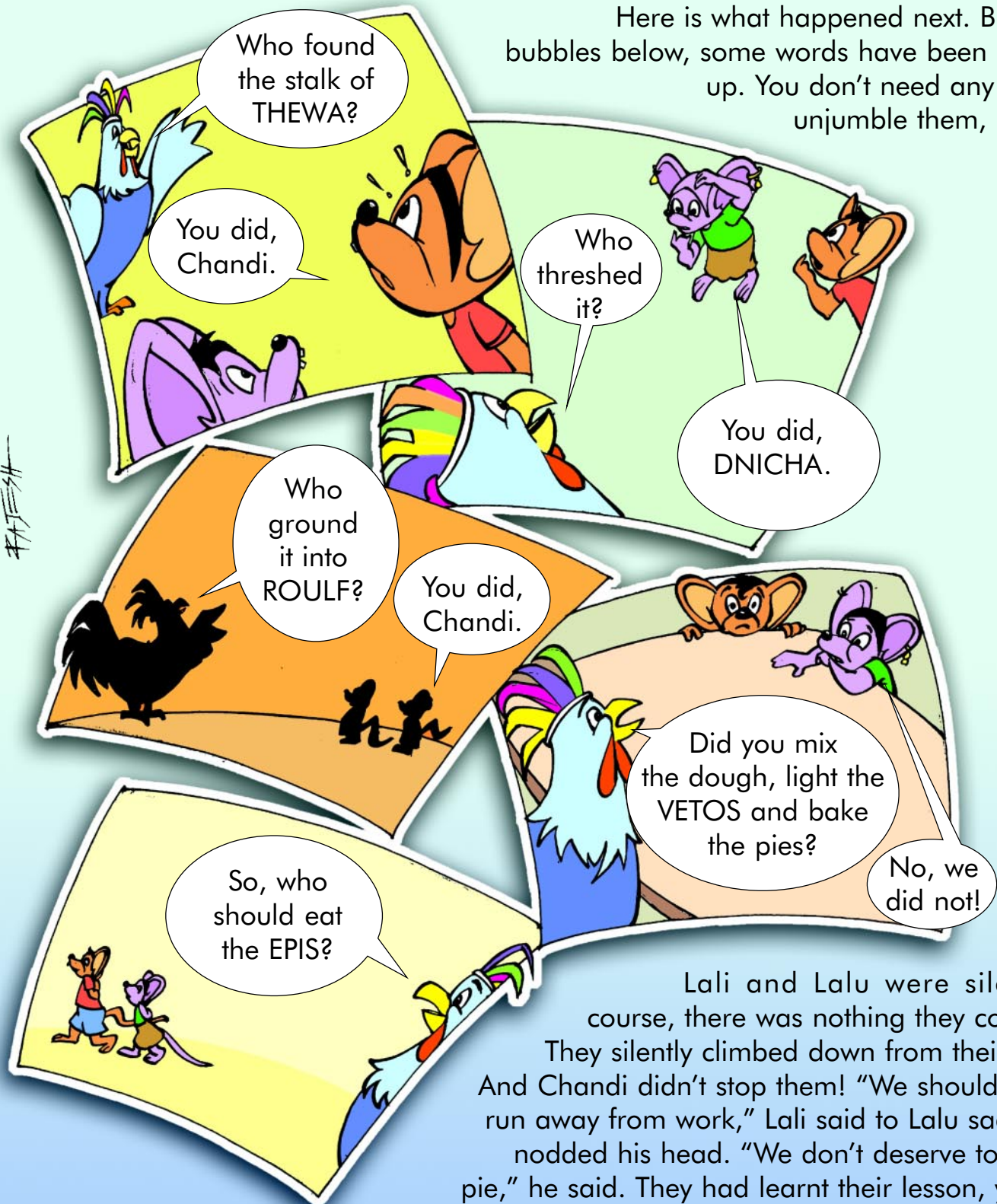


The two mice came skipping up to Chandi when he took the pies out of the oven and set them on the table. "I'm so hungry!" sang Lali. "Give me my share of the pies," said Lulu. They brought out their plates and sat down to eat. They reached for the pies. "Wait a minute, wait a minute," said Chandi sternly. Lali and Lulu stopped and looked at him. Why was he stopping them? They just wanted to eat the pies!





Here is what happened next. But in the bubbles below, some words have been jumbled up. You don't need any clues to unjumble them, do you?



Lali and Lalu were silent. Of course, there was nothing they could say. They silently climbed down from their chairs. And Chandi didn't stop them! "We shouldn't have run away from work," Lali said to Lalu sadly. Lalu nodded his head. "We don't deserve to eat this pie," he said. They had learnt their lesson, you see.



Page-5 :

Page-8 : 1. WHEAT 2. CHANDI 3. FLOUR 4. STOVE 5. PIES

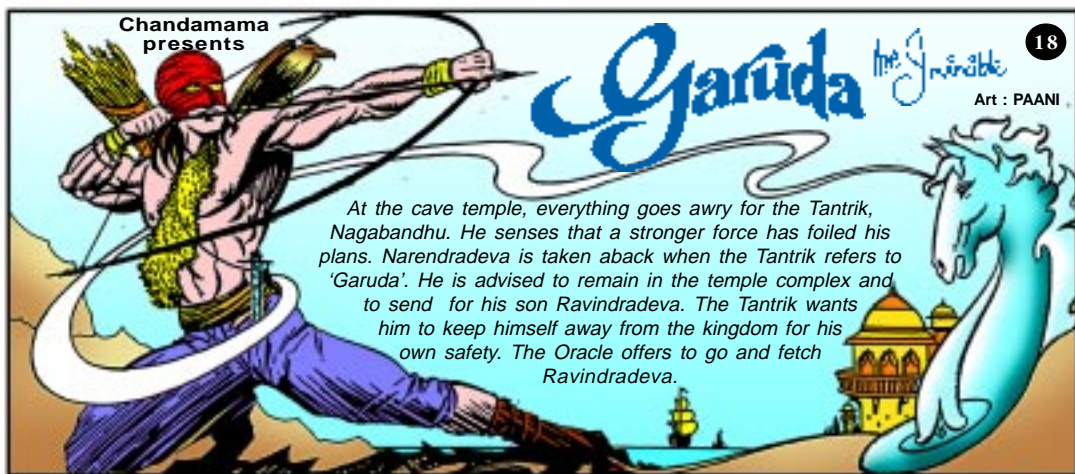
Page-7 : Bread, cake, pies, pizza.

Page-3 : A. Threshing B. Separating the grain from the chaff C. Harvesting D. Winnowing C,A,B,D.

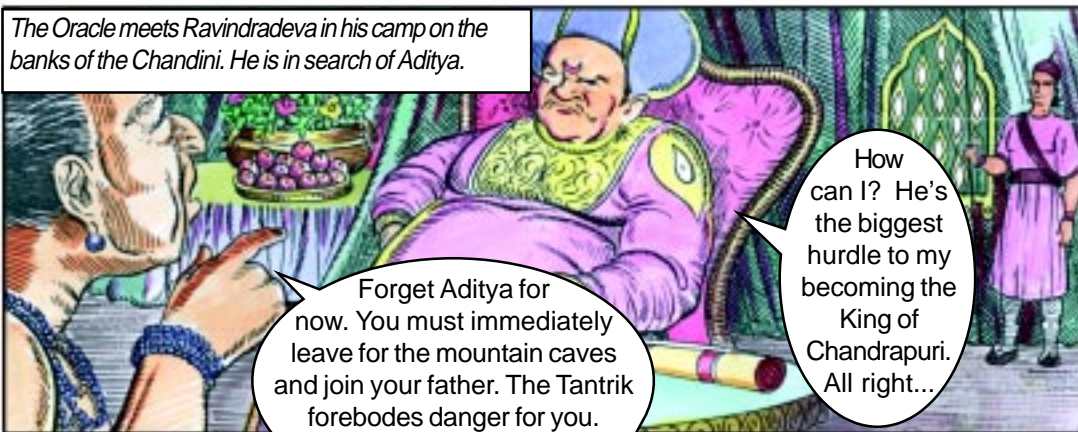
Page-2 : A. Corn B. Wheat C. Rice A. 3 B. 1 C. 2

ANSWERS

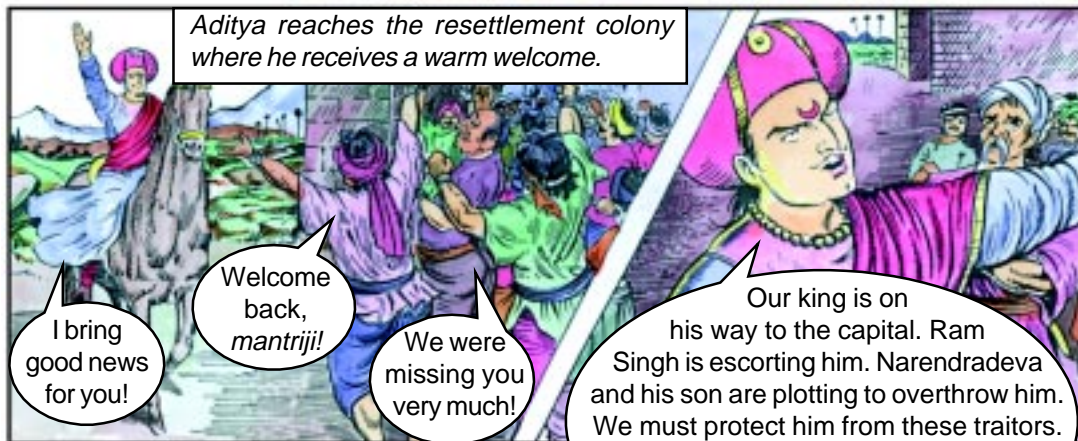




The Oracle meets Ravindradeva in his camp on the banks of the Chandini. He is in search of Aditya.









By the time Aditya reaches the fort, he is followed by a long line of volunteers.



Stop! And listen to me!

We must block all exit points of the fort from where the loyal palace guards have all been sent away.

Aditya picks up a handful of young men to go to the palace and hand over a message to Ravindradeva.

The leader of the group returns along with the chief of the guards.



Be ready for any resistance!

We'll manage to enter the palace.

Sir, both the crown prince and the commander are not in the capital.

If that is the case, I ask all of you....



The captain of the palace guards returns.

All those who protested or resisted were overpowered.

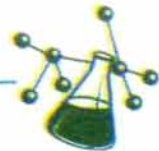
... to surrender and leave the fort!

A majority of my men have agreed to lay down arms.

(To continue)



# ABC OF SCIENCE



Hey Guru!  
What is that?

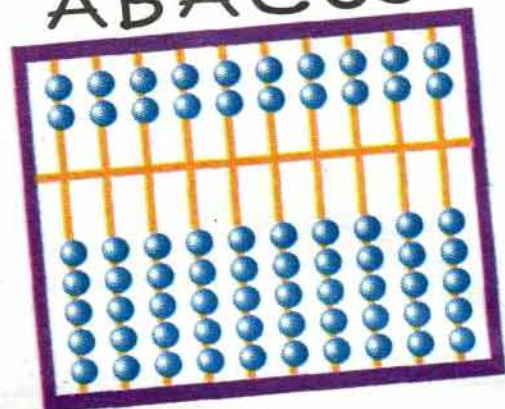
It's called an  
abacus, Gajju.  
Did you know that a  
13-column abacus can  
register numbers upto  
9,999,999,999,999?

Aba... bus!

No,  
A-B-A-C-U-S.



## ABACUS



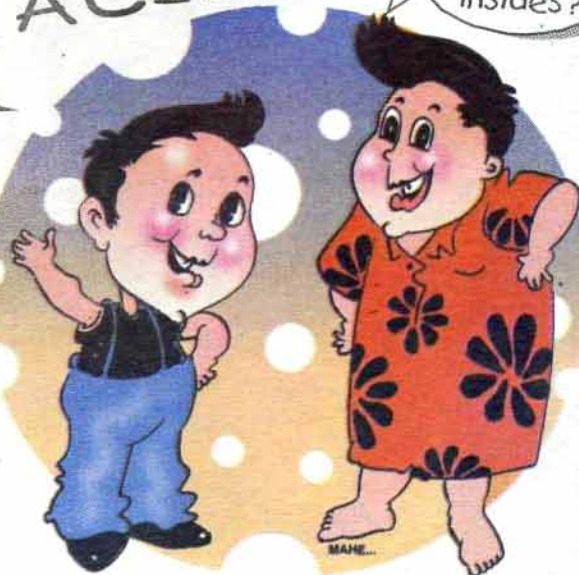
An abacus is used to calculate numbers. You might call this the earliest version of the calculating machines we use today. It was used thousands of years ago in China, Japan, and parts of the Middle East. It consisted of beads strung on rods or wires set in a rectangular frame. The beads on the two sides of a crossbar represented numbers, and the calculation was done by moving the beads up to the crossbar.

Listen. Do you  
know that amino acids are the  
building blocks that form the protein  
molecules of all living things?

Amino acids are an essential part of our body. Living beings constantly use up protein for growth and development, and so they need a constant supply of amino acids to build proteins. While plants are self sufficient in producing their own amino acids, animals can produce only some of them internally. Funnily enough, although there are millions of proteins in the body, there are only twenty amino acids.

## AMINO ACIDS

Acid!  
In our  
bodies! Won't  
it corrode our  
insides?





# ALGAE

Do you know what makes your ice-cream thick and helps it remain that way, Gajju?

Slurp!  
I guess it's the freezing chillness of the refrigerator. Slu...urp!

The algae are the most primitive kinds of plants. While some of them are single celled plants, others are giants, like the kelp, a seaweed that reaches a length of 180m. Algae may be green, blue-green, red or brown in colour.

In South Asian countries, such as Japan, some varieties of algae are even eaten! Some of these edible algae are seaweeds called *Porphyra* and *Laminaria*, which are actually cultivated for consumption.

Ice-creams and jellies are made thick by adding agar agar, a gelatinous extract from a kind of seaweed. Some algae extracts help keep ice crystals from forming in ice-creams.

Hey, friends! In column one are four scientists whose names begin with A. But their names are all jumbled up. In column two, are clues that tell you who these scientists are. But the two columns are mismatched. Can you unscramble the names of the scientists and match them with the clues to their identity?

- a. ARCGILOA
- b. AMHRCIEEDS
- c. APREEM
- d. AOOADGRV

- 1. Both his principle and a particular bath he took, have kept his name afloat till today!
- 2. The basic unit of electric current is named after him
- 3. He was no gasbag: his theory of gases proves that!
- 4. He was the first to dig into mining and minerals.



Answers:  
a. AGRICOLA  
b. ARCHIMEDES  
c. AMPERE  
d. AVOGADRO  
a - 4, b - 1,  
c - 2, d - 3.



# How the thunder grew stronger

The Devas and Danavas - or as we roughly translate the words into English - the gods and the demons fought with each other for a long, long time, in fact, for thousands of years. If sometimes the Devas won, at other times they were defeated by their enemy. Taking stock of the number of battles fought between the two camps, we see that more victories were won by the demons than by the gods.

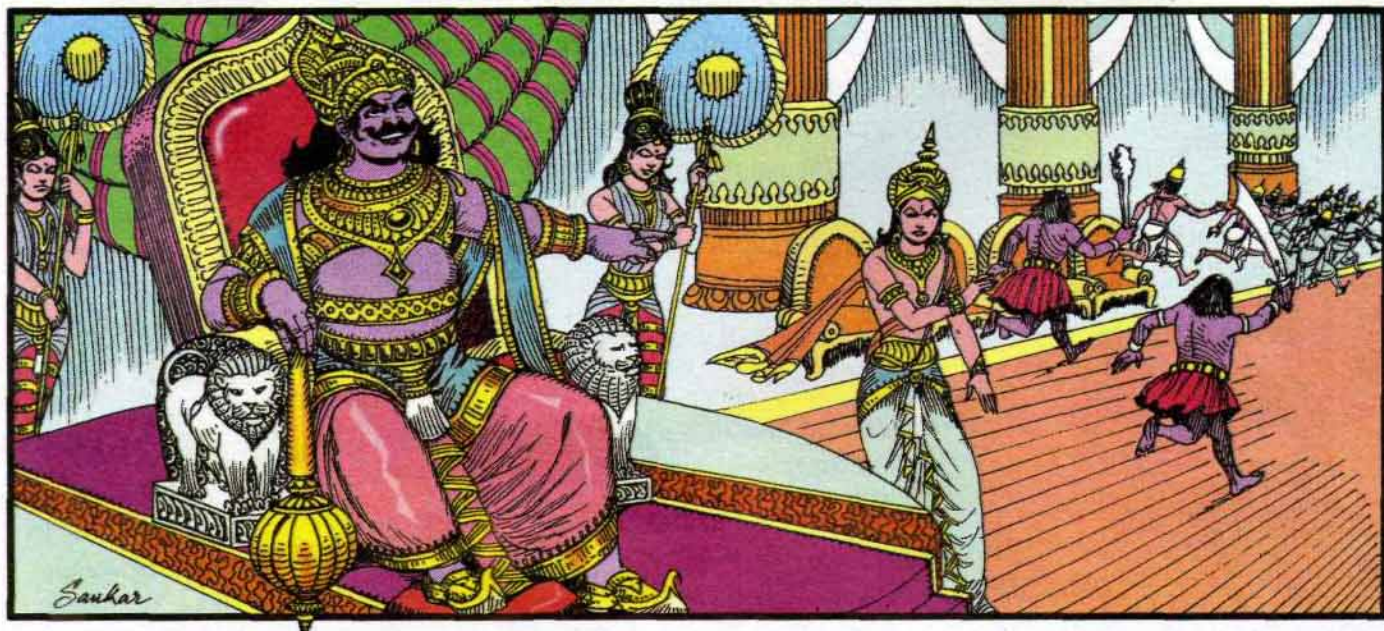
Many among the demons were highly skilled and talented. They knew many arts and had mastered several sciences. But the problem with them was their huge pride and ego. They could be ruthless and cruel in pursuit of their selfish pleasures. They did not care two hoots for such ideals of life as peace, humility, or devotion to God. In fact, barring a few exceptions among them, they hated all those who liked to live in peace and devote their time to meditation.

Naturally, the sages were the ones most harassed by them. The gods were their enemy because the heavens belonged to the gods. The demons would like to possess not only the earth, but also the heavens. Time and again they succeeded in driving away Indra, the king of the Devas, from his palace. However, Indra always managed to recapture his position with the help of the great Gods - Vishnu, Siva or Brahma.

Once it so happened that the demon Vrittrasura grew awfully ambitious and powerful. He and his horde would attack the Devas under any pretext or no pretext at all, and they would often win. Indra tried his best to defeat him, but he always failed. The demon had been granted a boon that neither fire could burn him nor water drown him, and no weapon made of any metal or wood could harm him.

Indra went on consulting the sages about how to get rid of the menace that was Vrittrasura. At last he learnt that only a sage, who had done so much penance that he could easily become the king of Devas, depriving Indra of that position, could contribute to the death of the demon. Where could one find such a sage? Of course, there was one - the only one - who had earned the merit to occupy the position of Indra. He was Sage Dadhichi. But Indra did not have the courage to approach him. That was because, fearing that Dadhichi might one day usurp his lofty position, he had tried to disturb his meditation! How could Indra now go to him for help?

Indra's embarrassment was not the only reason why the Devas hesitated approaching the sage. For to be of help, the sage would have to do something unheard of. If Vrittrasura must be killed, then Indra's thunder must





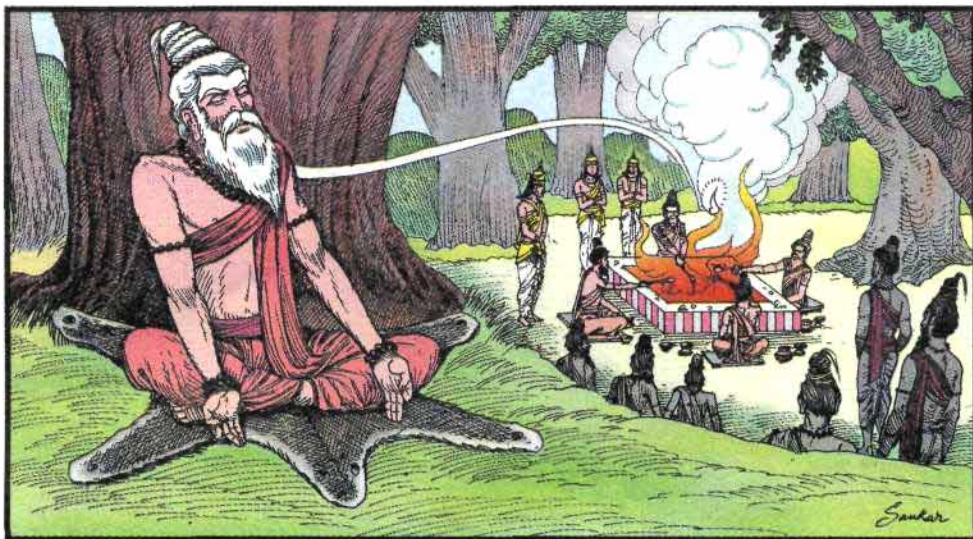
become extraordinarily strong. And it could become extraordinarily strong only if it contained the bones of the great sage, Dadhichi! That meant, the sage must sacrifice himself for the cause of the Devas; he must give up his body so that his bones could be put inside Indra's thunder.

Indra was sure that the moment the sage would hear of the proposal, he would laugh it away. Why should he help Indra who had tried to put obstacles on the way of his spiritual pursuit?

Indra became pensive. He did not know what to do.

Meanwhile, the demon went on playing havoc with the lives of the sages and the Devas. Though the sage, Dadhichi, remained aloof from everything, by and by he heard about the brutalities of the demon. He also came to learn about the only way the menace could be stopped. He did not hesitate for a moment. He asked the sages and Devas to arrange for a Yajna. That was done. He sat in deep meditation and left his body.

The Devas used his bones to make Indra's thunder effective against the demon. Next time when there was



a confrontation between Indra and Vritrasura, the former's thunder easily destroyed the latter.

Thus did the great sage make the supreme sacrifice for a noble cause. He bore no illwill against Indra even though Indra had been unkind to him in the past. He had no illwill towards the demon either. But he knew that it was necessary for the demon to be removed from the scene if peace and safety of the Devas and men was to be ensured. He had purified his body through his *tapasya*. He did not have even an iota of selfishness in him. That is why his bones could become so powerful. He remains a luminous example of nobility and goodwill.

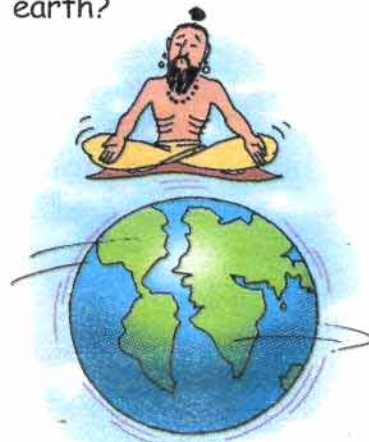
- Vindusar

Look  
before  
you fly!

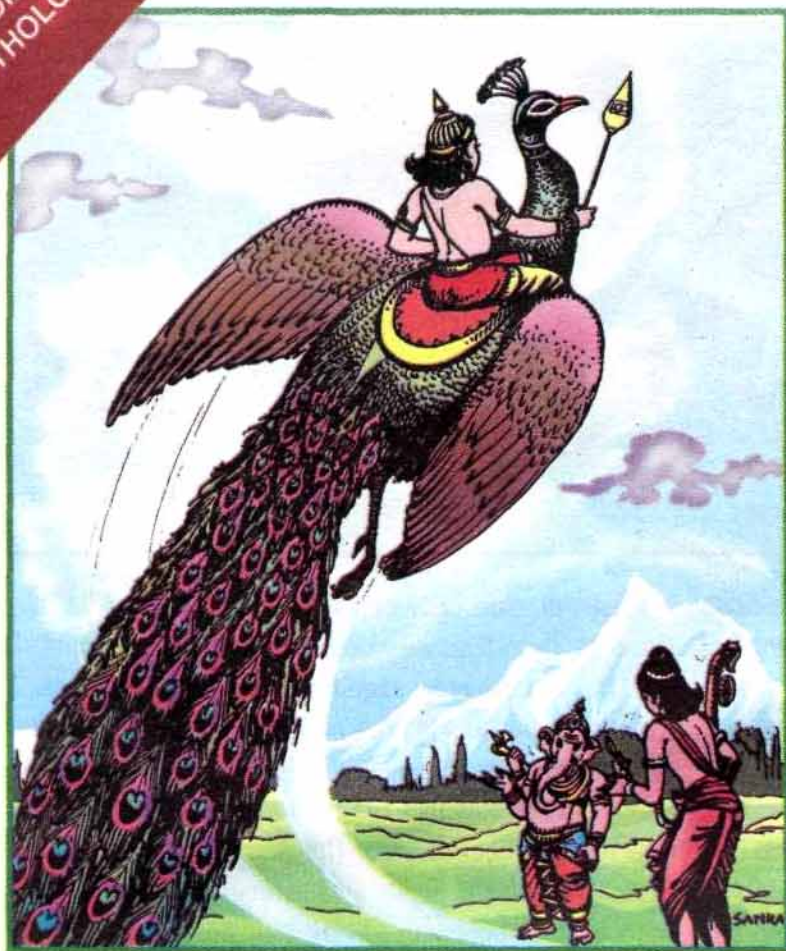


The uses of a periscope? Don't say it is used only in submarines! It has been put to other uses, too. In 1927, a young American named Charles Lindbergh created a sensation by flying across the Atlantic Ocean for the first time. He flew from New York to Paris in a monoplane called *Spirit of St. Louis*, which had such large fuel tanks that he had to look through a periscope to see where he was going!

Did you know that we live about 4,000 miles above the centre of the earth?







## The Story of Ganesa

### 7. A competition between brothers

One day, Sage Narada was on his way to Kailas. He was accosted by Kundakamukhi, a *yakshini*. She teased him. "O sage, will you marry me?"

"Why do you want to marry me?" the sage responded with a mischievous smile. "I've already earned enough ill-fame as one who carries tales and causes quarrels between friends!"

"Ho! Ho!" the woman took it lightly. "For that matter, I'm also an adept at pitting friend against friend!"

The two of them saw Vighneswara and Kumara coming their way. The brothers were in a playful mood and were walking hand in hand. "Do you think you can make the brothers quarrel with each other?" Narada challenged Kundakamukhi.

"A big deal!" remarked the *yakshini*, "Just you wait!" She straight away jumped into a nearby pond

and emerged as a golden lotus. "I've blossomed for the sake of the sons of Parvati and Paramasiva," she declared.

"Let me have the golden lotus!" Kumara extended his hand to take it.

"You're younger to me, Kumara," said Vighneswara. "Therefore, I've the right over the lotus." He then tried to catch the lotus.

"I don't deny that you're elder to me, Ganesa," pleaded Kumara, "but please let me have the flower. After all, as one older than I, you can be considerate to me. I'm taking the flower!"

Vighneswara then caught hold of Kumara's hand to prevent him from grabbing the golden lotus. Kumara raised the other hand to hit Ganesa; when he put his trunk around Kumara's waist and held him aloft.

On seeing the scuffle between the brothers, Narada went up to them and said, "Stop fighting and come to a settlement."

Kumara came out with a suggestion. "Whoever goes round the universe and comes back first will claim the golden lotus." And he got on to his *vahana*, the peacock.

As he saw Vighneswara not making any attempt to stir out, Narada asked him, "Why are you still here? Don't you want to go round the universe?"

"O sage! He's fortunate. Poor me, I have to go about with my paunch and move on my mount, a mere mouse! How then can I go round the universe? Let my brother take the golden lotus."

By then Siva and Parvati came there in search of their sons. Vighneswara went round them thrice and then smiled at Narada. While the sage was engaged in conversation with Siva and Parvati, Kumara returned. Vighneswara caught hold of his hand and said, "Brother, you look tired after the long journey. Though I've won in the contest, you deserve the golden lotus. Take it."

Kumara was surprised to hear that his elder brother had come back after going round the universe earlier than he. "How was that possible?" he asked of Vighneswara, looking at Narada at the same time.

"Your brother went round your parents and thereby



he had gone around the entire universe!” replied the sage.

They all then heard the chanting from the skies: “Hail Vighneswara! He’s the successful one!”

Kumara now realised the significance of what sage Narada had said. He prostrated before Vighneswara. “I acquired divine knowledge after long and arduous meditation,” said Kumara. “I now know that you are the very source of all knowledge. I’m but a small atom in front of you, O Vighneswara! I shall now go to fight Tarakasura. Please bless me!”

Vighneswara helped Kumara to get up. “Banish all thoughts that I am big and you are small. You have been born to carry out a specific assignment. It was to achieve that objective that our parents married and you were born. It has already been ordained that you will be victorious over Tarakasura. You are Subrahmanya. Go and come back victorious!”

Kumara then dressed himself as the army chief of the *devas*.

Meanwhile Kubera, who was the overlord of all yakshis and yakshinis, was pulling up Kundakamukhi. “What after all did you achieve by pitting brother against brother? You’ll be born as a thorny shrub!”



On her pleading with Kubera, he told her that she would come out of the curse when she would be blessed by Vighneswara.

(To continue)

## Scale down now !



It's easier to put on fat than to take it off. To reduce 1 pound of fat from your body, you would need to walk 34 miles. So watch those scales carefully!

C  
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## Large or laa... rge?

The largest continent in the world is Asia - of course, you had learnt that long ago! But how large is the largest continent? You didn't know that, did you? Asia covers over one quarter of the earth's land surface!





## THE GALLOWS CAME TO HIS RESCUE

**J**im and Bill Buckley were returning home from the nearby town. Suddenly, two men who were hiding behind some thickets, attacked them. Bill dropped dead from his horse as a bullet pierced his chest. Jim managed to escape unhurt. Alas, the brothers could not defend themselves, as they were unarmed in spite of repeated threats to their lives.

This was in the Marion County in Columbia, Mississippi. U.S.A.

It appears, in the late 19<sup>th</sup> century, a secret gang of men, known as the White Caps, regularly bullied and tortured the poor planters of the region. One of their latest victims was a Negro. He had quit his job in a widow's farm to work with the Buckley brothers as they offered him a higher pay. He identified his tormentors. Jim and Bill swore that they would file a complaint with the police and the grand jury in the town. And the rogues threatened the brothers with death if they did so. But Jim and Bill were adamant and they went ahead to testify before the authorities. With the sad result, one of them lost his precious life.

Jim was asked to identify his brother's killer. He named the assailant as Will Purvis, a young farmer who came from an old and respectable family from which the nearby town of Purvis had got its name.

The suspect was at once arrested. The matter went to the court. Three of Will's neighbours and two of his relatives were examined. They all testified that the accused was at home when the murder took place. His gun was also not in use for a long time. But the judges doubted their testimony. So, Will Purvis was awarded the capital punishment. He was to be hanged until death. His appeals to the higher courts were turned down.

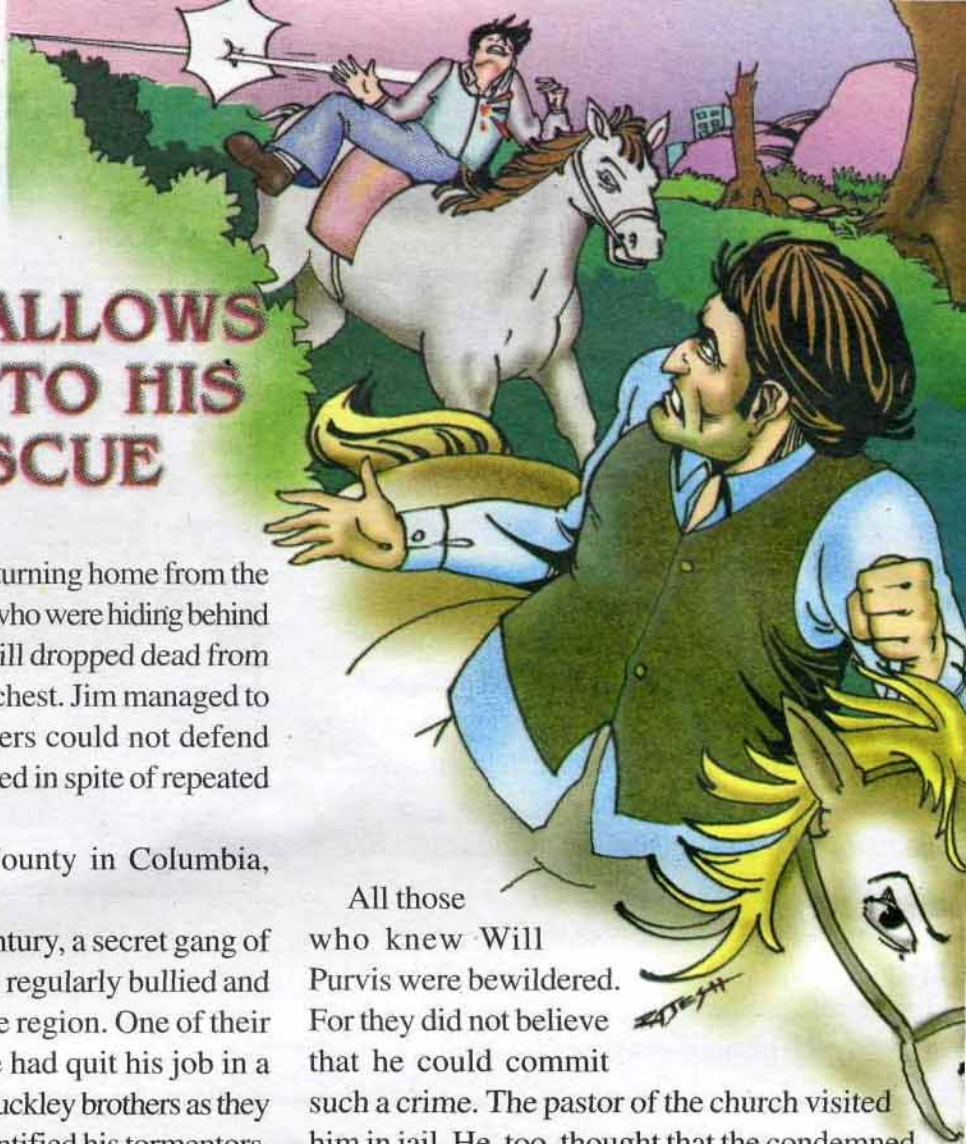
All those who knew Will Purvis were bewildered. For they did not believe that he could commit

such a crime. The pastor of the church visited him in jail. He, too, thought that the condemned man was innocent. The night before the hanging, he called on him again. He found him chained to the ground but calm and reposed. Will was reported to have told the priest: "I have no worry over the destiny of my soul."

The next day dawned. February 7, 1894. Thousands of men, women, and even children gathered in the public square. The sheriff and assistants checked and double-checked that everything was perfectly set for the hanging. Will Purvis, the young farmer, just 21 years old, was slowly led to the wooden platform. The sheriff who had arrested him and never doubted his guilt, grimly asked: "Will! Do you have anything to say for the last time?"

In a calm and controlled voice, the condemned man declared: "I didn't do it! But there are men out there who could save me if they would."

Alas, none turned up to save Will Purvis. His hands were fastened behind his back. His feet were tied together. A black hood was placed over his head. The noose was





securely put around his neck. Then as the crowd waited with bated breath, the sheriff quickly said, "God help you, Will Purvis," and threw the lever.

All stood still, almost petrified for some moments. Indeed, they could not believe their eyes. Before them, high above the open trapdoor, dangled an empty hangman's noose, swinging to and fro in the morning breeze. Where was Will Purvis? He was on the ground under the gallows, unconscious but still breathing. The black hood was still over his head and his hands and feet were still securely tied. How could this happen? How could he fall free of the noose? It was a mystery that baffled one and all!

The officers began dragging the accused back to the scaffold to carry out a second hanging. But the pastor intervened saying that the hand of Providence had saved him. How could he be hanged again? The crowd joined the priest in his efforts, shouting, singing, and dancing and praising God for the miracle. The sheriff was confused and fearing the now growing excitement of the people, he put back the accused into jail.

But the governor was displeased. Will Purvis had been found guilty. He was sentenced to hang until dead. If he survived, he had to be hanged once again. This was his simple logic. Will's lawyers made fervent appeals to the State's Supreme Court. But unfortunately the apex court rejected them.

So Will Purvis was to be hanged a second time on 12 December 1895, almost two years after a miracle had saved him from sure death. The accused remained calm and unperturbed over the verdict. He had faith that the power that had saved him once would save him once again.

No fresh evidence was found. As a last gesture to the condemned man, the government allowed him to be transferred from the jail in Columbia to a rickety little prison house in his hometown of Purvis. So that

he could be close to his near and dear ones during the last weeks of his life.

It was midnight. Only a day or two before the second hanging was to take place. Suddenly, a mob broke into the prison, overpowered the guards and rescued Will Purvis. The governor was furious. He offered handsome rewards for his capture and for information about his rescuers. No one claimed the rewards, though most of the people in the little town of Purvis knew who were the rescuers, and also that Will Purvis was actually living with his family in the woods beyond the hills.

The term of the present governor was over. His successor, during his campaign, promised to commute Will's sentence. Will Purvis gave himself up. The governor on taking office, true to his words, changed his sentence to simple life imprisonment.

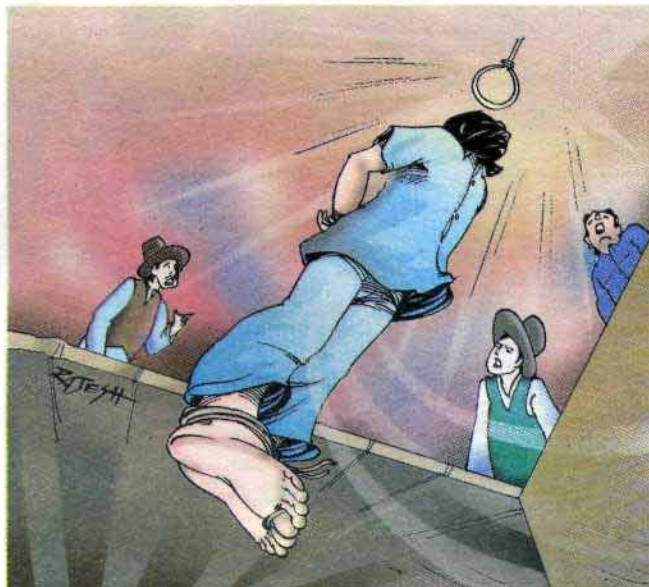
A couple of years later, a petition was signed by thousands of citizens, including the judge who had first prosecuted Will Purvis. Finally, the accused was pardoned and set free. He returned to work in his farm. Soon he married the lovely daughter of the pastor of the church. Not before long, they became the proud parents of eleven happy little children.

Who had murdered Bill Buckley remained a mystery!

Years rolled on, and one day an old planter called Joe Beard was on his deathbed. He remorsefully confessed that he, along with another member of the White Caps, had committed the Buckley murder. The news caused a sensation in the whole region. The State

apologized for its errors and paid a compensation of five thousand dollars to Will Purvis. Was it by mistaken identity that Jim Buckley had named Will Purvis as the murderer of his brother?

Was it mere coincidence that Will Purvis was saved from sure death? Or was it, as he and his well-wishers firmly believed, that the miracle was the answer to his unshakable faith and sincere prayers?

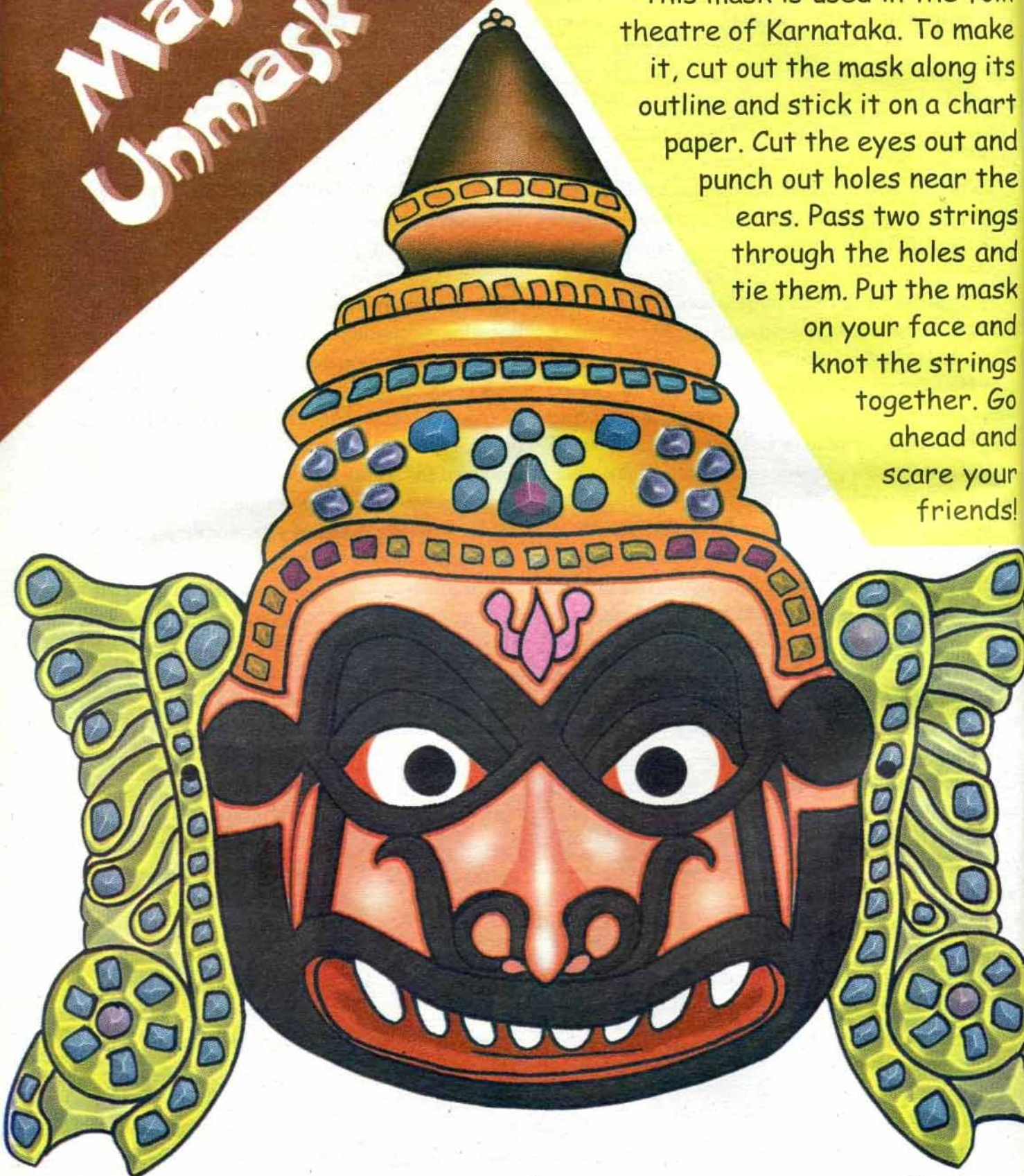




# Mask Unmask

## Try this out!

This mask is used in the folk theatre of Karnataka. To make it, cut out the mask along its outline and stick it on a chart paper. Cut the eyes out and punch out holes near the ears. Pass two strings through the holes and tie them. Put the mask on your face and knot the strings together. Go ahead and scare your friends!





Masks are used in both folk and classical theatre in our country.

Mask theatre draws its theme from the *Ramayana* and the *Mahabharata* and also from the *Puranas*. In ancient times, people wore masks to protect themselves from the forces of nature and the evil onslaught of demons and spirits. But later, as time passed, masks came to be looked upon as wicked and evil things. However, the tribal and traditional communities continue to use masks.

- ❁ *Thutotdam* is a ritual dance performed by the Sherdukpens and the Monpas of Arunachal Pradesh. The dancers put on eerie masks designed as skulls and wear costumes representing skeletons.
- ❁ Tribal people like the Mundas, Oraons, and the Santals slip on colourful masks on their faces to avert evil.
- ❁ *Ankinat*, a mask dance tradition of Assam, draws its subject mainly from the legends of Lord Krishna.



Chandamama

*Koodiyattam* is a popular mask dance of Kerala. It is performed in the *Koothambalam*, a hall erected for the purpose. *Kathakali* originates from the traditional art of *Koodiyattam*.



*Ramaleela* is a popular folk theatre form in northern India. Actors performing the roles of Rama, Hanuman or Ravana wear striking gold and embroidered zari masks. In Varanasi, masks made of brass are used to portray Hanuman and Durga.

❁ *Sahi Jatra* is a theatre custom of Orissa. Episodes from the *Ramayana* are performed for a week every year. Actors wear elaborate costumes and headgear, usually made out of sponge and wood. They go out in a procession on the streets, walking in a stylised manner. But the actors do not speak any dialogue!

❁ In the Buddhist monasteries of the Western Himalayas, on special occasions, dancers wear masks carved out of a single piece of wood with holes for the eyes.





# Gooba the ungrateful owl

Long long ago, things in the forest were very different. The camel had a shorter neck; the mynah had white feathers; the crow and the cuckoo brought up their own young ones and the owl used to roam the skies even during the day. 'Unbelievable!' you exclaim. But it's true, you know. 'Then what happened to make things change?' you ask. Well, read on.

One day, Gooba the owl was soaring the skies, enjoying the warm sunshine on its wings. He glided gracefully for a while and then decided to rest on the branches of the mango tree for a while. He perched himself comfortably on a leafy branch and looked around with his huge, saucer-like eyes. Suddenly, he nearly fainted with fright when he found himself staring into the barrel of a hunter's rifle! Before he could recover, the sound of the shot split the air.

He felt the bullet zipping past, wounding him in the side. He remembered falling down, unconscious.

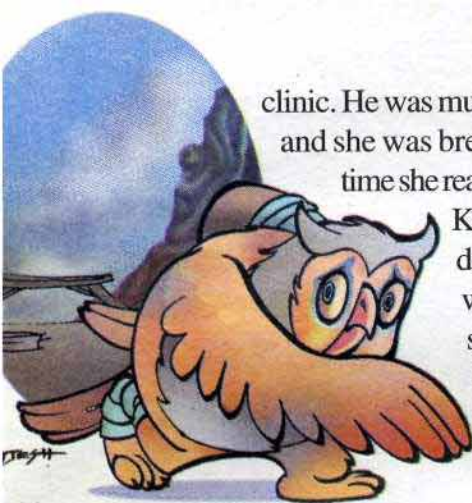
It so happened that the shot had missed Gooba's heart. He was wounded but still alive, having fallen into some bushes. When he came to, the pain was unbearable. Gooba started moaning, calling out for help. It also so happened that Kaki

the crow was flying past the mango tree. Hearing Gooba's cries for help, Kaki came swooping down to investigate. Seeing the wounded owl lying there, Kaki was moved with compassion.

'I should take him to Doctor Koel, the cuckoo,' she thought. Lifting Gooba up quickly, she carried him to Dr. Koel's







clinic. He was much heavier than her and she was breathing hard by the time she reached there. "Please, Koel, you've got to do something...he is wounded," she spluttered as she put Gooba down.

Dr. Koel was eager to see who his patient was. Moving the feathers a bit he looked down at Gooba and sniffed in disapproval.

"Oh, it's Gooba, is it? I don't want to have anything to do with him, Kaki. I know all about him. He doesn't remember favours, and he is a horrible miser," he said.

But Kaki wouldn't take no for an answer. "Please Koel, we have been friends for years. I think we should care for Gooba, considering that he's wounded. I shall pay for the expenses if Gooba doesn't. Now come on." So saying Kaki brought out the medicine chest. Dr. Koel reluctantly gave in.

So Gooba was given care and attention. Soon he began feeling a lot better and the wound was healing nicely. Then one day, when Kaki and Koel had gone out, Gooba got out of the clinic and decided to leave immediately so that he wouldn't have to pay Koel. When they got back, Kaki and Koel found the door open and the room empty. "Gooba has cheated us again," cried Koel angrily. "I told you

not to trust that fellow, didn't I? The ungrateful fellow!" Koel was understandably upset.

Kaki was really crestfallen. She had hoped that their selfless care and attention would change Gooba's nature, but she was disappointed. "It is okay, Koel. There are so many people like that in this world...don't worry about your fees. I promised I would bear all the expenses, didn't I? Just tell me how much it is," she said.

Koel thought for a while and then replied, "I will not take any money from you, Kaki, because we've always been friends. But there's something you can do for me. From this year, my wife will put all our eggs in your nest so that you can care for them until they are hatched...I shall consider this as the payment for taking care of Gooba."

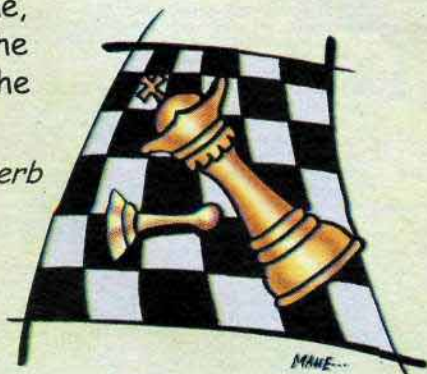
Now this was a strange way of paying, wasn't it? But since Kaki had promised, she could not go back on her word. To this day, the koel transfers its eggs into the nest of the crow. The crow, often unable to distinguish between the eggs, keeps them all warm until the little ones are hatched – both her own and the koel's.

And what of Gooba? He escaped from paying Koel for the treatment of his wound, but ended up paying a far greater price. He felt guilty at having cheated Kaki, especially after she had cared for him. He found it impossible to come out during the day for fear of meeting Kaki and Koel. So he decided to fly only at night, when no one else was about. To this day, owls and crows don't get along too well. So they make sure their paths never cross – one flies in the day and the other is a creature of the night!



After the game, the king and the pawn go into the same box.

- Italian proverb



PROVERBS FOR U!



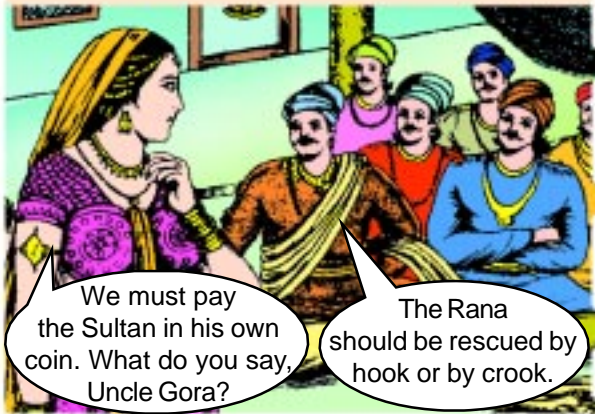
God gave man two ears and one tongue so that we listen twice as much as we speak.

- Arab proverb



## Women who made history

Rana Ratan Singh of Mewar was captured by Sultan Allaudin Khalji's soldiers by a ruse. The treachery shocked everybody. Rani Padmini convened a meeting of the Rajput generals.



On an auspicious day, seven hundred palanquins emerged from the fort and meandered towards the Sultan's camp.



It was not Rani Padmini who stood before the Rana. The veil was removed to reveal none other than the chief general Gora.



## The Rani of Chitor - II

A Rajput noble was sent to the Sultan with a message from the Rani that she would surrender.



A young woman came out of one of the palanquins, and walked up to the Sultan.



The palanquins had two soldiers each. The bearers were also soldiers in disguise. Their weapons were inside the palanquins.





The Sultan and his men were taken unawares. The Rana, with a few soldiers, escaped to the fort. The Rajput soldiers wrought havoc in the Sultan's camp.



Many of the Sultan's soldiers were killed in the fight. Some soldiers begged for mercy. The Chitor fort went festive over the Rajput victory.



The Sultan could not get over his humiliation. He spent all the wealth he had plundered to rebuild his army.



A larger army marched towards Mewar. The Sultan's captains this time had superior arms.



The Rajputs faced the enemy with greater courage. Every soldier defended the fort till his last breath. The Rana and Gora, too, lost their lives.



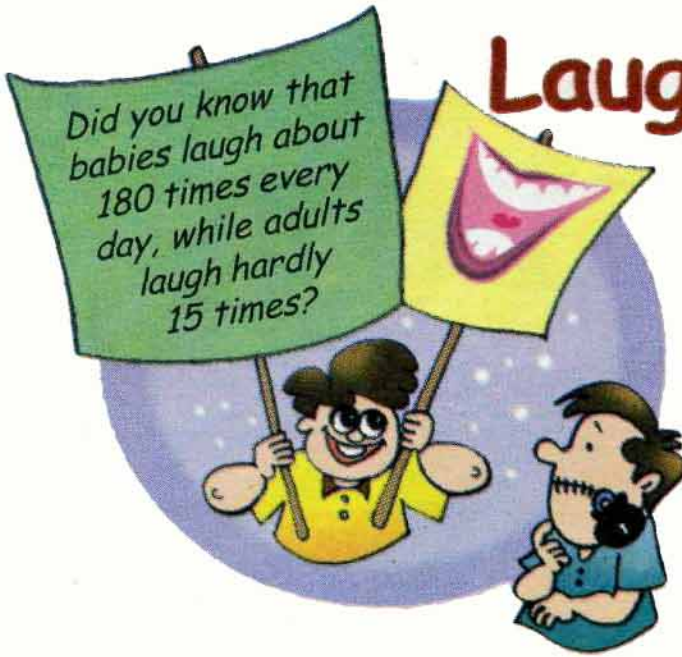
When Rani Padmini knew that the enemy had triumphed, she ordered a fire to be lit and jumped into it. All the women of the fort committed johar. When the victorious Sultan entered the fort, he was greeted by only the smouldering pyre.



(Concluded)

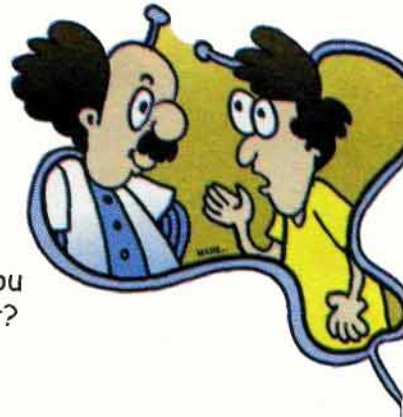


# Laugh till you drop



**Patient:** Doctor, last night I heard a funny noise in my ears.

**Doctor:** Well, where else did you expect to hear it?



**Ram:** How did you break your arm?

**Shyam:** I don't know. I was only following my doctor's prescription.

**Ram:** What do you mean?

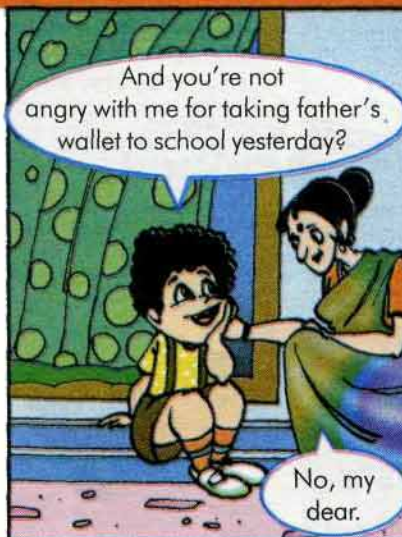
**Shyam:** The prescription blew out of the window and I followed it.



**Atul's mother:** How can I keep Atul's clothes from getting dirty every day?

**Atul's father:** Simple! Don't let him wear the

## Dushtu Dattu





# Sweet Revenge

**D**honduram fixed his big turban and set out for the village market, his two plump cows in tow. Both the cows – the white one and the brown one – yielded a lot of milk, and he was confident he would easily find buyers for them. He was lucky. He found a customer almost immediately. Gulabchand, who owned a small hotel in the far end of the village, came up to him.

“Nice to see you, Dhonduram *bhai*!” he said. “Ah! They are fine cows. How much would you want for them?”

“Now, how can I quote any price to a friend like you, Gulab *bhai*? You tell me how much *you* can pay for them!” replied Dhonduram.

Gulabchand was a wily man. He had no qualms about playing a lowdown trick on a fellow villager. He took advantage of Dhonduram’s good nature.

“What would you say to a thousand rupees for the white cow, along with the brown one?” he asked.

“Of course,” said Dhonduram who did not quite catch the second part of the offer. Gulabchand placed Rs. 1,000 in his palm and grabbed the reins of both the cows.

“But you’re buying just the white cow!” said the bewildered Dhonduram.

“Oh no, Dhonduram *bhai*! Didn’t you hear me say I’ll take the white cow along with the brown one? You’ve agreed to give

me both! You can’t go back on your word!” said the wicked Gulab.

Some people who were standing by nodded their heads at his words and grunted their agreement. Poor Dhonduram! He really had no option. He watched the cows being led by Gulabchand and walked back sadly. As he walked away, he could hear Gulab and the other men chuckling over the trick played on him.

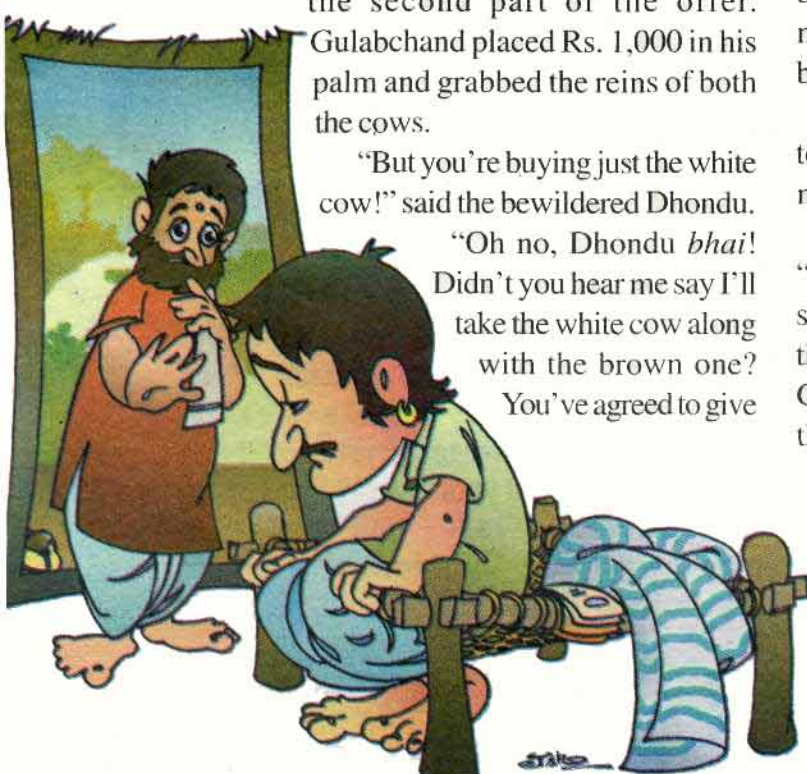
Dhonduram felt so bad about the way he had been cheated that when he went home, he would not talk to anyone. He removed his slippers, then his turban, and sat down glumly on the stringed cot in the porch. He gazed at the floor moodily and would not even lift his head up. His friend Dharam found him in this mood when he visited him later that day.

“What has happened, Dhonduram?” he asked gently, because he realised that something had upset Dhonduram very much. Dhonduram told him the whole story: Dharam was his best friend and he could never hide anything from him.

“Don’t worry,” said Dharam after hearing the story to the end. “We shall soon teach him a lesson. But you must do all that I say!” Dhonduram agreed.

After some days, Dharam came up with his plan. “First, you must shave your head bald,” he told his surprised friend. Dhonduram did as he was told. Then he set the turban on his head and the two made their way to Gulab’s hotel. On the way, Dharam explained to Dhonduram the role that he had to play.

It was a long walk to the hotel, and they made it just in time for lunch. The hotel was crowded with traders, farmers and travellers. The two friends went up to Gulab who was at the counter. “Dhonduram *bhai*, how’re you?” Gulab asked robustly.





"Fine, by the grace of god!" answered Dhondu.

"It's nice to see you here. What will you have for lunch?" asked Gulab.

"Some hot tea and one *roti*!" replied Dhondu.

"Will that do?" Gulab was surprised. "You're a poor eater indeed!"

"Oh no, I am not!" replied Dhondu. "But I don't have money for more today!"

Dharam chipped in: "But, my friend will have a hearty lunch today." And turning to Gulab he said, "Please give him as many rotis as will measure him from his toe to the length of his hair and I shall pay you Rs. 200!"

This conversation had, by now, attracted the attention of the other customers in the hotel and they all looked on interestedly. Some even stopped eating and gathered around to see what would follow.

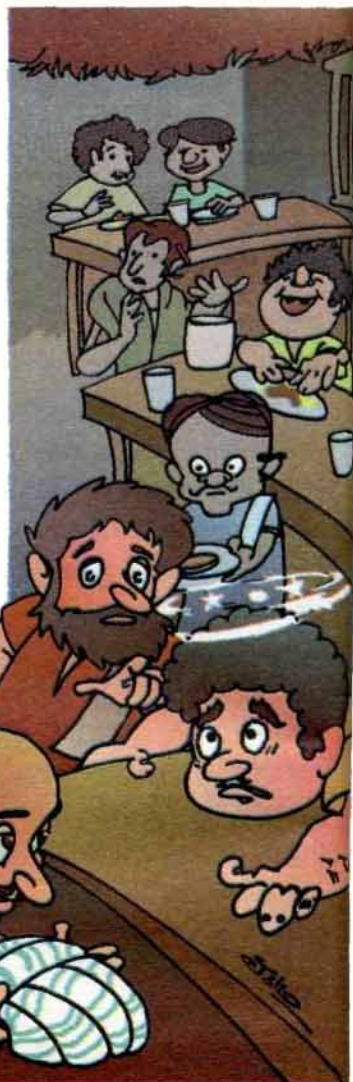
Gulab was intrigued. Measure a man with rotis? It was unheard of. How could one man eat so many rotis? Anyway Rs.200 was a very attractive sum of money for a man like him and he was always game for a laugh. He liked the thought of having another hearty laugh at the expense of that poor simpleton, Dhondu! So he agreed.

Very soon one of his men brought a trayful of rotis from the kitchen. Dhondu was asked to stand up. He obliged. Gulab ordered one of his men to begin measuring Dhondu from his toes with the rotis. The man started. There were smiles and muted laughter all around.

At last the man who was measuring him reached Dhondu's head. "Please remove the turban and let me measure the length of your hair," he said. Dhondu promptly removed the turban from his head. Everyone gaped: there was no hair to be measured on his head! Gulab had been fooled. The whole crowd roared with laughter. But Dharam had not done with Gulab yet. "Dhondu's hair is at the barber's shop at the other end of the village. According to your agreement, you will measure him up to the length of his hair with rotis. So you must measure the distance up to the barber's shop and give him that many rotis." He said with a glint in his eye. Gulab's jaw dropped. That would be disastrous: just how many rotis could he give away for Rs.200? The crowd was enjoying itself now. Dharam looked at Gulab grimly. "If you pay Dhondu for the second cow that you took from him that day at the fair, we'll forget this roti business."

Gulab was cornered and he knew it. He took out his wallet. Dhondu smiled: revenge is sweet, indeed!

- By Sumy



## Howzzat?

Tell your friend to spell out the word *joke*. After he spells it for you, ask him 'how do you spell *stroke*?' When he has spelt it, you must - with a very casual expression - ask him, 'how do you spell the white of an egg?' Now watch keenly: he'll surely fall into your trap! Nine out of ten people will promptly say - yolk - and spell it as y-o-k-e! Isn't he doubly wrong? The white of an egg is not yolk. And the yolk is not spelt yoke!





**Abhinav Jain, from Vizianagaram**

I bought a copy of your May issue during my journey to Kathmandu. "Summer Special" was very rich in content. All the items were interesting. *Chandamama* is really an educational guide. Please add Jokes and more News.

**Rajani B. (by e-mail):**

I am happy that a few new features have been included. At the same time, the size is not attractive. The small size was handy to carry without folding.

**Ruskin Bond, from Mussoorie**

The new look *Chandamama* is very attractive, and full of good stories and features.



**ON 'VASUDHA'**

**Mr. Asad R. Rahmani, Director, Bombay Natural History Society, Mumbai, writes:**

It was good to receive 'Vasudha' and to read the interesting feature 'Wild and Wonderful'. I hope my little friends will become more aware of wild life and its conservation, and of the Great Indian Bustard.

**Mr. Vinay K. Piparsania, Vice-President, Ford India Ltd., Chengalpattu, writes:**

The issue (June) speaks volumes about the enormous effort put in by your (editorial) team.

**R.K. Murthi, from New Delhi**

It must have been hard work, reformatting the magazine. I find the size more comfortable, and perhaps providing more space for reading matter and larger drawings.

**WHICH IS  
THE CHANDAMAMA  
READER'S FAVOURITE  
MONTH?**

**NOVEMBER!**

Because every November, *Chandamama* brings out its special Children's Number.



An issue  
all your  
own.



Stories  
written and  
illustrated by  
children.

All you young budding artists and writers, watch out for details of our Children's Special contest in *Chandamama* in August 2002.

**TAKE PART IN THE CHILDREN'S SPECIAL ISSUE, NOVEMBER 2002**



# FUN TIMES



Hey! All you smart guys out there, here's something for you to relax with and enjoy! These fun activities will test your creativity and your power of observation.

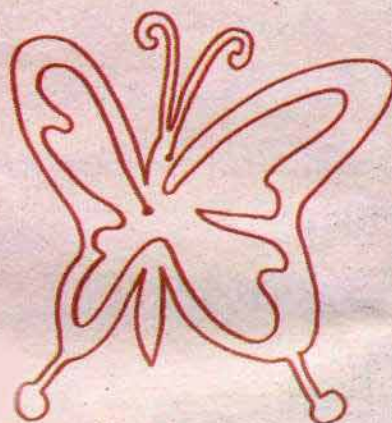


## Spot 'em out!

The two pictures may appear identical, but there are eight differences between them. Happy spotting!



## Single Stroke



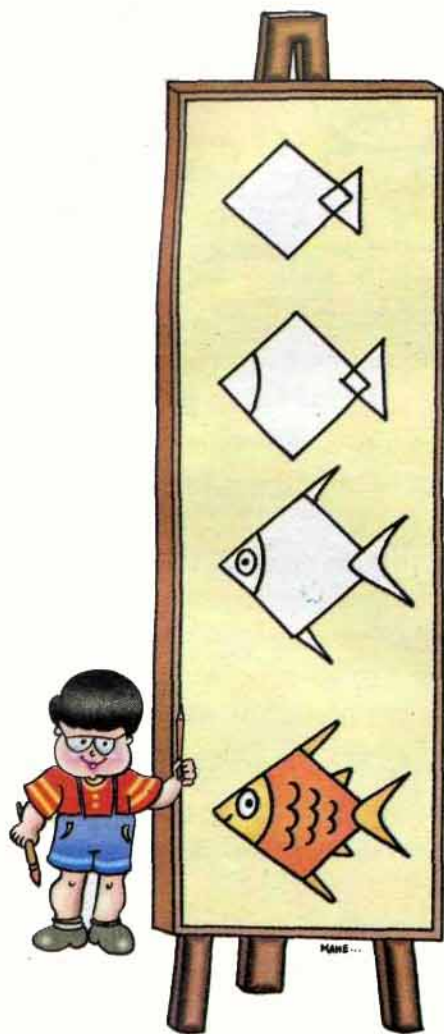
So what's strange about this common creature? It has been drawn with one single stretch without lifting the pencil. Want to try it?



## Flying Fiend!

This demon has eaten more than his fill. Can you identify the creatures he has swallowed alive?



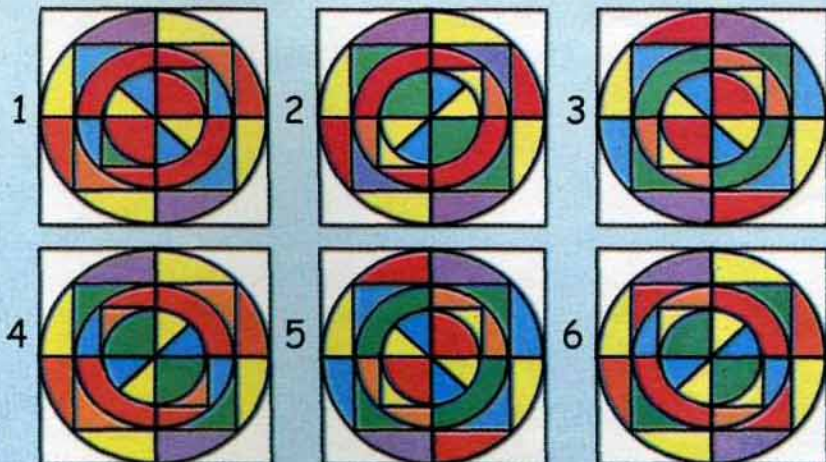
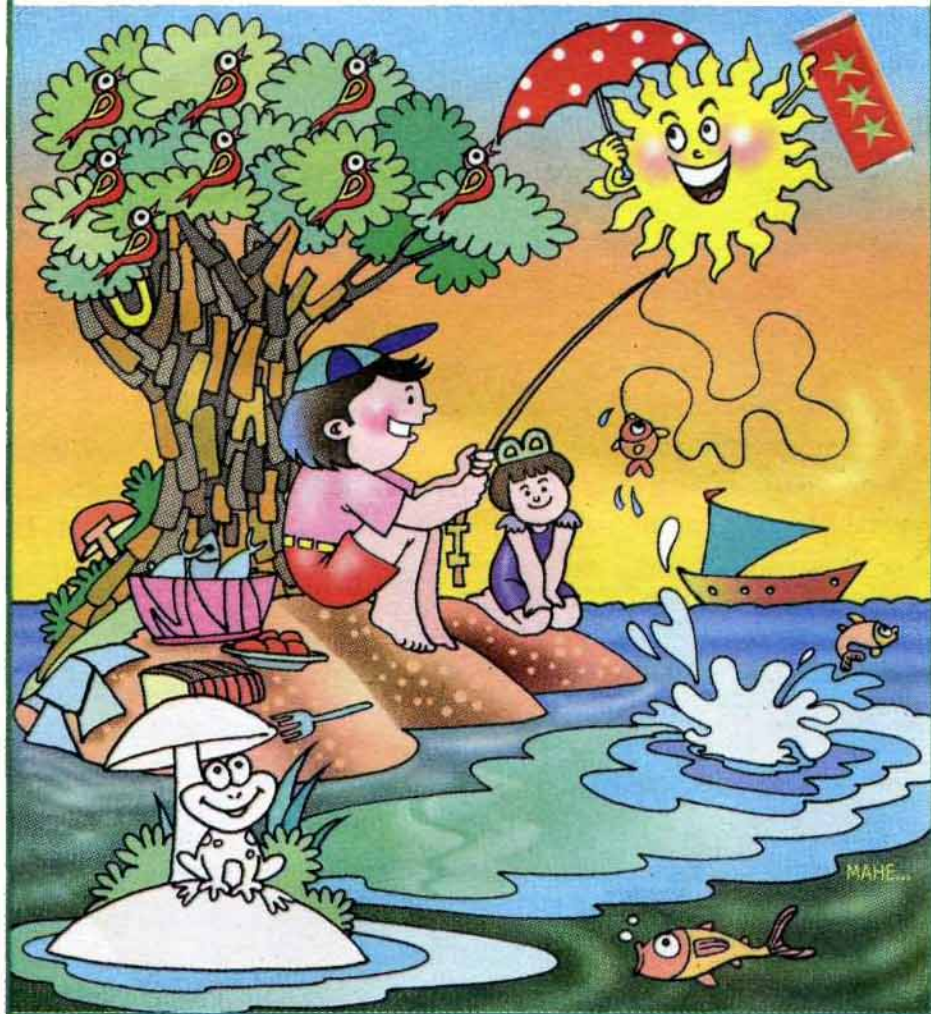


## Fishy Art

Draw a fish using simple shapes and patterns. You only need to follow the instructions step-by-step.

## Many in one

Do you find a picturesque scene below? There are many activities in it for you. First, of course, a little colouring. Then, you will see that one of the birds on the tree is different from the rest. Find the odd one. And lastly, the little girl's brother's name is hidden here. Can you find it?



## Find them

Do they all look alike? Look again! Only two of these are identical. Can you spot them?

(Answers on page 64)





## SAY 'CHEESE!'

❖ What is the special significance of the expression “to grin like a Cheshire cat”?

- Shobha Bhat, Mangalore

All those who are familiar with that children's classic, “*Alice in Wonderland*”, would remember the Cheshire Cat in the story who always goes about with a broad smile. Anyone who is extremely happy over an achievement, big or small, will have reasons to put on the broadest of smiles—from one end of the cheek to the other. Cheshire, in England, is famous for its cheese. In olden days, some manufacturers used to have the drawing of a smiling cat on the packets of cheese. Photographers who wish to capture their “subject(s)” in a happy mood would invariably tell you, “Say cheese!” And while saying “cheese”, you cannot help putting on a grin, especially in front of the camera!

❖ Recently, when the name of Tehelka.com came in the newspapers, I found the frequent expression “sting operation” used for describing their activities. What does it mean?

- Pankaj Suri, Sonapat

Sometimes law enforcement agencies and private detective companies indulge in a well planned scheme to trap criminals, which involves a lot of undercover work. This is generally described as a sting operation. What Tehelka did, in brief, was to float a fake company dealing in armaments from abroad. The so-called representatives of this company contacted some persons who could probably put in a good word to the prospective buyers. And these persons are alleged to have accepted “incentives” from this fake company. The aim was to expose persons who occupy positions of power either in the government or outside. They and the government must have felt the “sting” when the operation was revealed.



★ How did the invention screwdriver come about?

- V.Prabhakar, Rayadurga

In olden days, carpenters used to hammer down wooden nails. When they became loose, there was no way of pulling them out for replacement. Then came metal nails, straight and smooth with a pointed end. These nails were also hammered down. Later, the nails were given ‘thread’. These nails were known as ‘screws’. By cutting a slot on the ‘head’, they could be screwed down, as well as pulled out by twisting them in the reverse direction. The tool to do this was called the screwdriver.

★ There is so much of hue and cry these days about plastics, as it is said to be non-biodegradable. What exactly is plastic?

- Prafulla Das, Monghyr

Plastic is a synthetic (meaning not natural, but man-made) material which can be given any shape. The first such material was celluloid. In 1868, an American scientist, John W. Hyatt, dissolved nitrocellulose under pressure. This was called celluloid. Toys were made of celluloid, with which items like tray, tea cup, saucer, and containers could also be made. Photograph negatives and negatives of movies were also of celluloid.

The two World Wars had resulted in a depletion of natural materials, and substitutes had to be thought of. Plastic was one. Most of the raw materials for plastics come from petroleum and coal. The different properties of plastic lend themselves to the manufacture of a variety of articles. Cellophane and polythene are different types of plastics.

### This may interest you

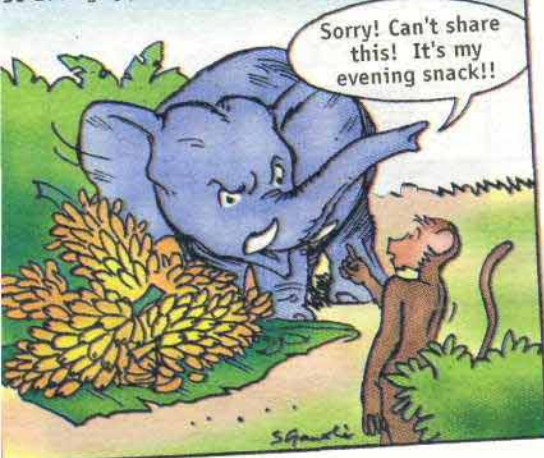
When you went for Fun Shows, you might have shook hands with Mickey Mouse. But did you ever stop by to count his fingers? Next time you do, look closely. He has only four fingers on each hand!





# The Wonderful World of Animals

Elephants are herbivores and eat 30-270 kg of fodder every day.



Lions belong to the cat family. But male lions do not look like cats because of their mane.



Turtles feed on small water animals and plants. They swallow their prey while under water.



## ALL NEW! JUST FOR YOU !!

Here are some new products in the market that might interest you!

### Funskool's new toy Creative Candles

Funskool India Limited has come up with a new toy, which will not only engage your time but also help you in developing your skills.

The Cool Candles kit has a mould tray to create various shapes and sizes of candles. It also contains a bag of wax pellets, mould seals, dyes, wick, and wick rod. The kit is ideally suited for children of the age group 5 years and above. This toy promises to make children more confident, imaginative, and creative. To use this toy, you might need to take the help of your parents. The Cool Candles kit is available at all leading toy stores and is priced Rs. 199/- only.



### Galada's new drinks Mr. Strong for you

Galada Agro Industries has launched a series of soft drinks under the name of Mr. Strong's Soft Drinks. These are available in 250 ml Chinki Minki pet bottles. Chinki Minki is a new character specially developed to attract children. The soft drinks are manufactured using mineral water and conforming to international standards, claim the manufacturers. Mr. Strong's Soft Drinks are available in twenty flavours.





# NUMBER CROSSWORD

Hi friends! How good are you with numbers? This crossword is based on numbers. The clues are either in Arabic or Roman numerals. When the clues are in Arabic numerals, fill in the squares with Roman numerals, and when the clues are in Roman, write in Arabic numerals.

## Clues:

### Across:

1. 1151
4. MMDCLXII
8. 205
9. CMXXIII
10. 1050
13. LXXIV
14. XCVIII
15. 105
17. 40
19. LXV
21. LXXXIII
23. 1100
24. DCLXXXI
26. 410
27. MMMMCCLXXVI
28. 1650

### Down:

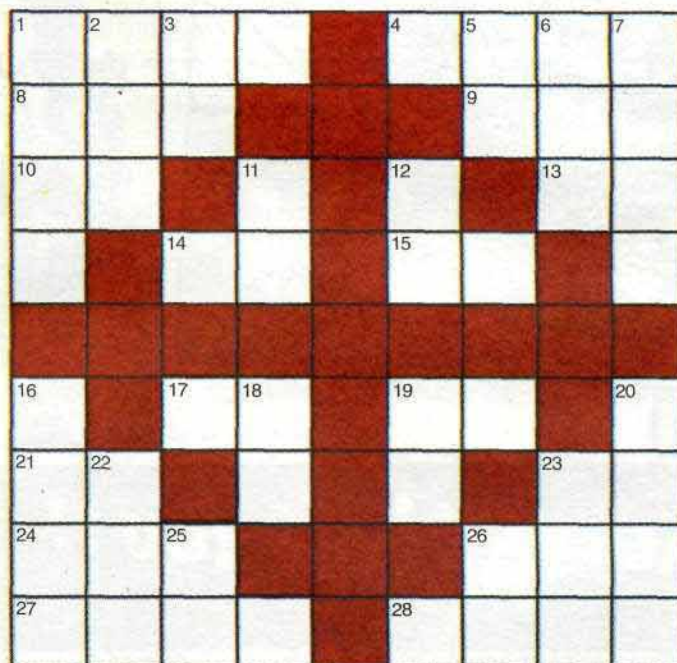
1. 1950
2. 250
3. 55
5. LXIX
6. DCXXVII
7. MMCCCXLVIII
10. 1050
11. XXXVIII
12. 90
16. MMDCCCLXIV
18. 51
19. LXII
20. 1140
21. DCCCLXIV
22. CCCLXXXII
23. 1600
25. XVII
26. 400

Here is a guideline to help you solve the puzzle:

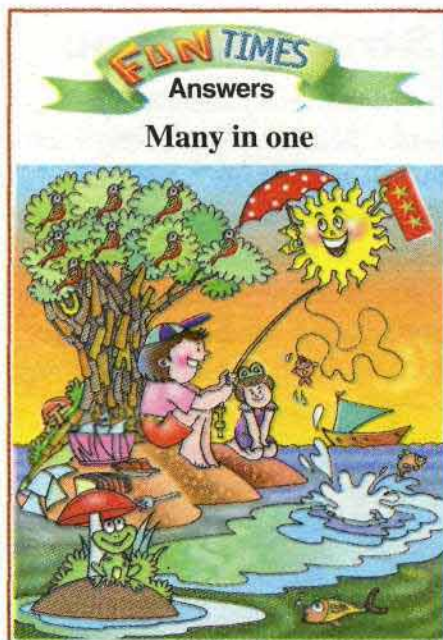
M - 1000 D - 500 C - 100 L - 50  
X - 10 V - 5 I - 1

In Roman numerals, when a smaller number is placed before the letter of a larger number, the smaller number is to be subtracted.

Eg: CD: 500 - 100 = 400



- By Vidhya Raj



## Spot 'em out !

1. missing musical note in I
2. missing polka dot on the girl's dress in I
3. missing pocket in boy's shorts in II
4. one feather missing in bird in I
5. teeth not seen in the boy's mouth in I
6. dog's patch missing in II
7. dot missing in the flower pot in II
8. patch missing in the bird in I

Find them : 3 and 5 are identical

## Answers to June Quiz

1. Aravalli
2. Cauveri
3. Mahanadi
4. Kerala
5. Gette
6. Vembanad
7. Mahabaleshwar
8. Sharavati
9. Nawal Sagar
10. Bundelas



# Brains and Books

"Know your India" quiz, which has been appearing in *Chandamama* for two years and more, is being given a new pattern which can be called "pick your brains and win a book"! The **first three** all correct entries will receive a copy of one of our books.

Write down the answers on a sheet of paper; title your entry "Brains and Books" (mention month); attach the coupon below (a **MUST**; xerox will not be accepted); and mail it to us to reach us before the 20th. **Important** : The contest is open to children between 5 and 15 years. The answers and names of prizewinners will appear in the issue after the next.



1. Identify the personality. Along with an Indian, he authored a unique achievement, which his son emulated recently.



7. Can you identify this bridge? Where is it located, and across which river?

2. Name the national tree of India.

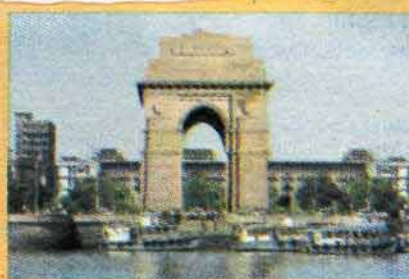
- A. Neem      B. Mango  
C. Bodhi      D. Banyan

3. Which was the summer capital of the British Government before Independence?

- A. Srinagar      B. Shimla  
C. Dehra Dun      D. Dalhousie

4. One of the following rivers has tributaries called Saleri, Pranhita, and Indravati. Which river?

- A. Krishna      B. Godavari  
C. Cauveri      D. Sabarmati.



5. What is odd about this picture?

6. Would you call batik a —

- A. type of textile weave  
B. miniature painting  
C. method of dyeing  
D. form of sculpture?

8. Punjab and Haryana have a common capital. Which was the capital of Punjab earlier to Chandigarh?

- A. Jalandhar      B. Ludhiana  
C. Amritsar      D. Shimla

9. If Bangalore is India's Silicon Valley, which is the steel city of India?

- A. Salem      B. Rourkela  
C. Jamshedpur      D. Bhilai

10. Under what category is bamboo classified?

- A. tree      B. creeper  
C. fern      D. grass

## Answer to NUMBER CROSSWORD

1	M	2	C	3	L	I	4	2	5	6	7	2
8	C	C	V						9	2	3	
10	M	L		11	3		12	X		13	7	4
	L		14	9	8		15	C	V			8
16	2		17	X	L		19	6	5		20	M
21	8	3		I		2				23	M	C
24	6	8	1				26	C	D	X		
27	4	2	7	6		28	M	D	C	L		

## Brains and Books (July)

Participant's name.....

Age ..... Class ..... School.....

Home address .....

.....PIN.....

Parent's signature

Participant's signature





*Click  
a caption*

## PHOTO CAPTION CONTEST

*Can you write a caption in  
a few words, to suit these  
pictures related to each other?*

You may write it on a post card and mail it to:

**Photo Caption Contest, CHANDAMAMA**  
(at the address given below)

to reach us before the 20th of the current month. A  
reward of Rs. 100/- will go to the best entry which will  
be published in the issue after the next.

Note: The result published in the  
June issue is of the April 2002 Contest

### *Congratulations!*

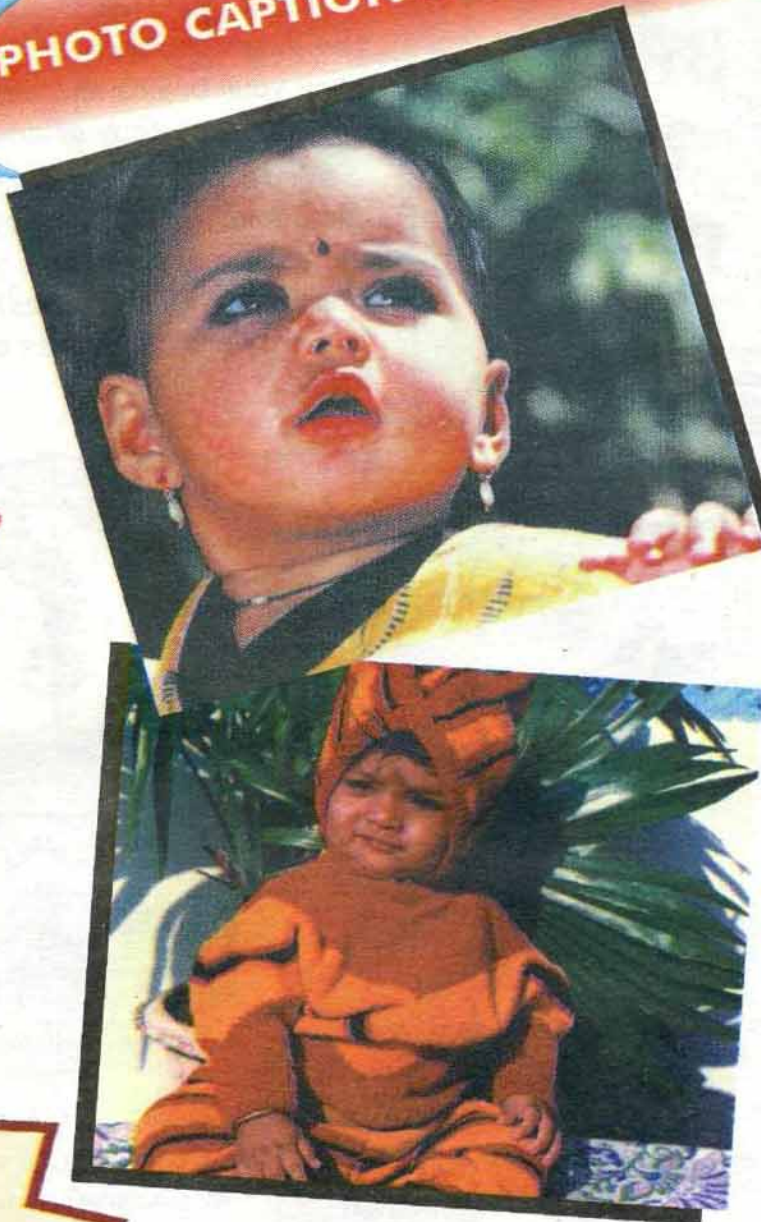
The Prize for the May 2002  
contest goes to

**N. JANAKIRAM**

State Bank of India  
CNW Branch, Guntur - 522 004  
Andhra Pradesh



**"Precious"  
"Delicious"**



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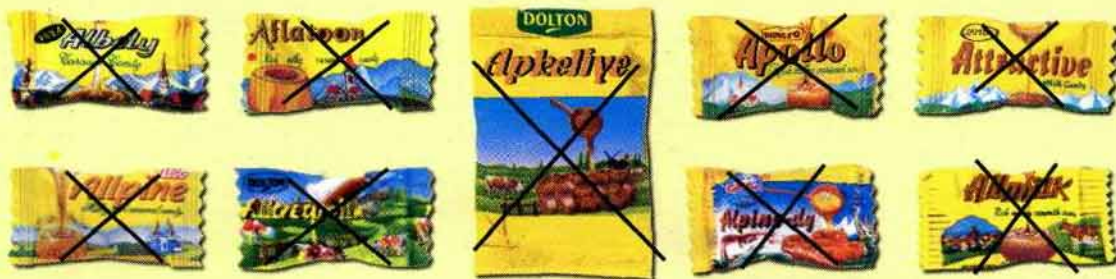
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# Asli Banaye Lakhpati!



## Nakli Pehnaye Hathkadi.



Members of the trade are hereby warned that manufacturing, stocking or selling deceptive imitations of the brand **Alpenliebe** is an offence punishable by law.

**Win prizes  
worth  
Rs. 51 lakhs!**

Just fill in the blank below.

**Alpenliebe 'Rich..... Caramel Candy'**

Send your entries to 'Alpenliebe, GPO, New Delhi - 110001'.

Name : ..... Address : .....

**1st  
Prize**



1 Cash prize of  
**Rs. 1 Lakh**

**2nd  
Prize**



10,000 Titan Dash watches

**3rd  
Prize**



**1,00,000**  
Perfetti gift hampers

**Attach 10  
Alpenliebe  
wrappers here.**

**Last date for receipt of  
entries is 15/07/02. Winners to be  
selected by a Lucky Draw to be  
held on 31/07/02. Winners will  
be individually informed  
by post.**

**TERMS & CONDITIONS:** Entries should only be in English sent by ordinary post addressed to **Alpenliebe, GPO, New Delhi - 110001**. Photocopies of this form can also be used. For an entry to be valid consumers must attach 10 Alpenliebe Mono wrappers and write their name and address clearly in English along with the entry. Offer closes 15th July 2002. Perfetti India Pvt. Ltd. shall not be responsible for any postal delays or lost entries. Cash Prize shall be disbursed through Cheque in favour of the Winner. Any tax liability arising out of the prizes shall be borne by the Winner. The Winners of Titan Dash Watch(es) and Perfetti Gift Hampers shall receive their Prize through registered post. The First Prize Winner shall be contacted individually for the prize and will need to establish his/her identity. Prize Winners shall be selected through draw of lots from amongst the correct entries received during the offer, in the presence of two Independent Judges, to be held on 31st July, 2002. Offer not open to the employees of Perfetti India Pvt. Ltd., McCann-Erickson India Ltd. and their immediate relatives. Decision of Perfetti India Pvt. Ltd. shall be final and binding. No correspondence shall be entertained in this regard. Disputes, if any, subject to jurisdiction of New Delhi Courts. Offer not valid in the State of Tamil Nadu.





You look  
so cool,  
brother!



Real fruit in a cool avataar!

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